

THE LIFE OF
CHARLES HENRY
HACKLEY

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GENEALOGY COLLECTION

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By Louis P. Haight
Muskegon, Michigan

A GREAT MAN

In this volume I have tried to give my readers an HONEST ESTIMATE of a GREAT MAN, I had the pleasure of knowing and I learned to respect, not for his wealth, but for the good he did.

It is my desire that every man, woman and child in Muskegon have the opportunity to read this book so 500 copies have been deposited at the Hackley Library and at 618 Adams Ave., where they can be had by those who will agree to read and return a copy in ten days, so it can be "PASSED ALONG" to others.

Will you help SELL Charles H. Hackley to the people of Muskegon, by reading this book and then PASSING it along?

NOTE—

This copy belongs to the LOANING FUND, but is free to all who will read and return it in ten days.

Should you wish to retain it for your library, you can send me any amount you think it is worth and I will replace it in the Loaning Fund with another copy.

Louis P. Haight
618 Adams Ave.
Muskegon, Mich.
Phone 2-5865

THE "SCARS"

In my yard there is a large cedar post, into which the boys drive spikes and nails, because I told them the following story.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who would tell lies, even when the TRUTH would have served him better. He was punished, but that did no good, so his father set up a large post in the front yard and made his son drive a spike into it, every time he told a lie. As the number of spikes increased, the little son became ashamed of them and asked how he might pull them out. He was told that every time he was tempted to tell a lie and did not, he might pull out a spike and the day came when all but one were pulled out.

The father believing that his son would be very happy, when he pulled out the last spike, sat on the porch, to watch him do it. The little lad pulled it out and threw it on the ground, then ran and jumped into his father's open arms, sobbing as if his heart would break. "Why, do you cry?" asked the father. "I thought you would be very happy when you pulled out that last spike."

"Yes Daddy," sobbed the child, "all of the spikes are out, but the scars are still there".

When my boys do two kind deeds, they pull out a spike and if they do three kind deeds, they putty up a SCAR.

There were some SCARS in Mr. Hackley's life, of which he told me I would not wish to write, but if I said anything, it must be the TRUTH as I found it. There was to be no "WHITE-WASHING".

You readers may have heard of some of these SCARS, but should they not be forgotten, as they have been covered up by many a kind deed? When you hear of one of these SCARS, search your own life and see if there are any there, then thank Mr. Hackley for all he has done for you, to help you make the most of your life.

Louis P. Haight

CHARLES H HACKLEY.

THOMAS HUME.

HACKLEY & HUME,
Pine Lands & Lumber.
MUSKEGON, MICH.

Sept. 23rd, 1899

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:-

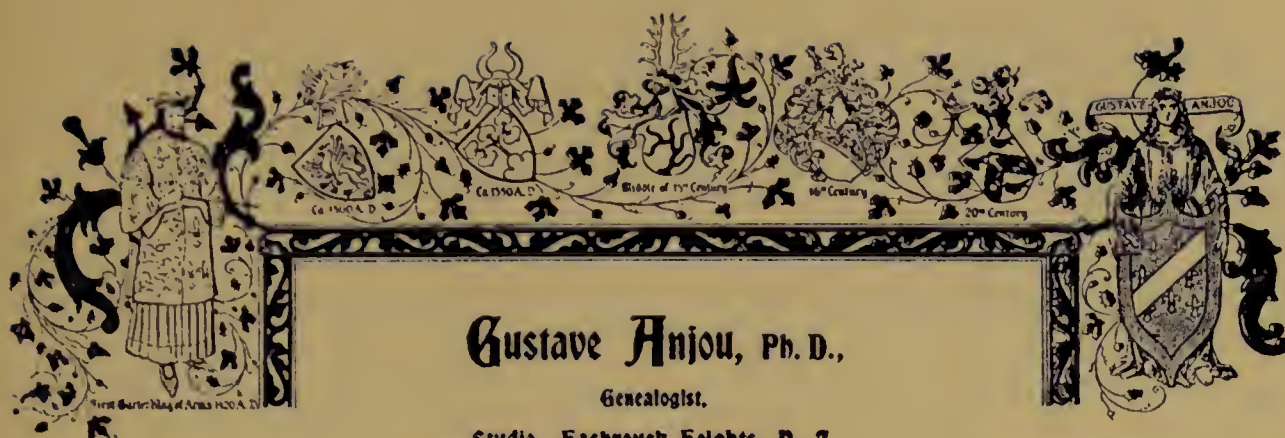
Mr. Louis P. Haight is collecting information regarding my
personal history preparatory to writing my biography, and if you can give
him any aid, kindly do so and oblige,

Yours truly,

C. H. Hackley



Hackley



Gustave Anjou, Ph. D.,

Genealogist.

Studio: Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Member

American Historical Association; New York Genealogical and Biographical Society; National Arts Club, Harleian Society, London; Soci t  Sulase d'Herakldique; Herold Verein, Berlin; K. K. Heraldische Gesellschaft, Vienna; R. Accademia Araldica Italiana, Bari, etc.

British-American and Continental Researches Exclusively.

April 16th, 1906.

References

to clients of international reputation, (Members of Parliament, U. S. Senate, Officers of Historical Societies, Bankers, etc.) and terms forwarded, on application, to responsible parties. Strictly American researches, insignificant commissions, work on a contingent basis or on approval, not accepted. A fair remuneration, consistent with the highest class of work, expected. Commissions executed by personal investigations, or by the assistance of correspondents of the highest integrity, skill and experience in their chosen fields.

Louis P. Haight, Esq.,
Muskegon, Mich.

Dear Sir,-

Enclosed please find the Hackley armorial bearings, which perhaps require explanation to this extent that the mantling or lambrequin [which in itself is quite properly drawn and painted, argent and gules, i.e. silver and red, the principal colors on the shield], as well as the helmet, an esquire's [which is also properly drawn and colored] both could be left out entirely without in the least affect the armorial bearings, particularly as there is no crest (a sign in itself of antiquity, as now-a-days all new arms have crests, etc.).

I mention this in case the Hackley devices are to be used on seals, stationery, or for decorations, or even in print, in which cases I would suggest to take only the shield with its devices, as they appear. But even then the whole, as painted, can be utilised. For framing purposes, it is best as it is now painted.

Very truly yours,

Gustave Anjou

PREFACE

For fifty years I have been studying the effects of Charles H. Hackley's life on the citizens of Muskegon, while gathering old family records and historical data, regarding the Hackley Family and in the following pages, I have tried to give my readers some idea of how this man was developed by a long line of honorable men and gracious women, who were GIVERS in their day and generation, and who produced the trait that was ever seen in Mr. Hackley, as he gave not only of his wealth, but of his very life and best thought.

Charles H. Hackley was not a common Lumber Jack, who lived the rough life of the woods and amassed a fortune, as many did. He worked hard, saved his money and bought timber land and, as he said, "enjoyed making money," which he considered as a TRUST to be expended carefully for the benefit of the greatest number, who had not shared in the pine lands that made so many rich.

There were two Hackleys: One who lived the rough life of the woods, drank whiskey, but never until he had done his banking business, and never so much that he had a headache. He worked hard and saved his money, which he invested in pine lands at \$1.25 an acre. He enjoyed making money, but I never knew him. The Hackley I knew said: "I liked to make money, but I never began to live, until I began to give." Of this man I have tried to give my readers some idea of WHY and how he gave, with the request that we should PASS IT ALONG to others.

LOUIS P. HAIGHT.

DEDICATION

Mr. Hackley was very good to me, but every time I tried to thank him for his kindness he would say, "Pass it along. Pass it along, Haight. Pass it along. The pleasure is mine. Pass it along."

When I asked him for the privilege of writing his Biography, without compensation, he said, "There are some things in my life you would not care to write about and there is enough in Muskegon about HACKLEY now, but if you should write my Biography, I should want you to state the facts just as you found them, regardless of how they might seem to you."

"When I came to Muskegon there was no place where a young man could spend his evenings except the boarding house or the saloon and one was about as bad as the other. Times have changed. What was right then, is decidedly wrong now, but when men had to do most of their banking in Judd Moon's saloon and all men drank whiskey, no one thought worse of any man for getting drunk. Today we know better and conditions have changed."

After a moment's thought he added, "Should you write anything about me, I do not wish to have it published for at least ten years after my death, and I want NO WHITEWASHING."

From that day, I began to study a man who was little known even to himself. He was not the Charlie Hackley every lumber jack knew, nor the Charles H. Hackley who had given the Library, but a man who was gradually developing into his true character, produced by five hundred years of men and women who had been GIVERS and MASTERS in their day and generation.

To the memory of this MAN, Charles H. Hackley, is this book dedicated.

LOUIS P. HAIGHT

THE LIFE OF
CHARLES HENRY
HACKLEY *e*

*DRAWN FROM OLD PUBLIC AND
FAMILY RECORDS*

by
LOUIS P. HAIGHT

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CHARLES HENRY HACKLEY

A

MAN OF DESTINY

AND

THE HACKLEY FOUNDRY

VOLUME I

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The Charles H. Hackley I knew — L. P. Haight



CHARLES HENRY HACKLEY

CHAPTER I

A MAN OF DESTINY

To gain a proper insight into the character of CHARLES HENRY HACKLEY we must go back to 1377 when Hugh De Hackluit was Sheriff of Eaton in England, then follow down his line of descent to many a fine gentleman and gracious lady, for five hundred years, for Charles was the XVII in direct line from Hugh De Hackluite.

Sir Roger Hackley VI was Mayor of London in 1511 . . . Richard Hackley was Rector of Westminster and made the famous collection of voyages, which it is said, inspired Columbus to seek the land beyond the setting sun and so discovered America. He was Chaplain of the Savoy, prebendary of Westminster in 1602 and Archdeacon there in 1616.

Some idea of his importance and honor in his day, can be realized by the fact that he was buried in Westminster Abbey, with the great men of England on November 26th, 1616.

As the details of the Hackley Genealogy may not be of interest to those not of the line, I have reserved these records, secured after years of search in England and America, for page 107 and pass on to Peter Hackley XIII, who built the fulling mill on the Nahantic River at New London Connecticut, "where the fresh stream falls into the salt water", in 1694. He also dug a well through the solid rock to fresh water, at his farm just across the river at Goshen.

This Peter Hackley regarded manual labor as honorable and with his own hands drilled through that granite rock to fresh

water, a well which represents an immense amount of labor, also a trait we find in his descendents; the pride of being able to work with his hands. In later years when he sold the farm and moved to Lebanon, Conn., he refused to sell that well, so you or anyone is welcome to partake of the pure water as his gift, to this day.

The Hackleys worked with their hands as well as their heads and were proud of the fact that they could do manual labor, but in all my research, I have not found a lazy man, nor one who worked for others longer than it was necessary to get into business for himself. They were MASTERS of men and never serfs.

They came to the NEW WORLD to create for themselves, a home, where they might be free men, to think for themselves. They were not only willing to work but to fight, if need be, for their freedom. There is a story of three brothers coming to America incognito, because they had taken part in the rebellion against the English King and as there was a price on their heads, Peter does not appear in the public records from 1684 to 1694. This story states that these three brothers were named Hackley, but on arrival in America, to avoid detection, one of them took the old family name of Hackluite, one dropped the H and spelled his name Ackley, while the third, Peter, retained the Hackley name.

Peter Hackley was born March 19, 1653, and emigrated to America some time before 1684, but the records of these times have been lost. From other papers it is evident that Peter Hackley married Rebeckah Minard and December 1, 1715, his first son, Marshall, was baptized. His second son, John, was baptized October 1, 1719, and he and his wife Rebeckah Minard were taken into the church at New London, Connecticut, July 18, 1725.

Peter Hackley's son John, the XIII in line, married Catherine Lathrop at Lebanon, Connecticut and evidently moved to Norwich, for Dr. Simeon Hackley, XIV in line, was born there June 13, 1748. They must have lived at Lebanon, Connecticut for Andrew the eldest son was born there. They later moved

to Longmeadow, Massachusetts but for some reason did not remain there very long. It may have been because they did not approve of mistreating the Quakers, whom they regarded as having a right to think for themselves, but they moved just over the Massachusetts state line, into New York state as the state line then ran.

There must have been quite a company living on the Mountain top, when the British fired on the Americans at Bunker Hill, for they sent 106 men to the relief of Boston and Dr. Simeon may have been among them, for he was 26 years old, but the records show that he enlisted as a private in Captain Aron Rowley's Company on August 13, 1777, and served at the Battle of Bennington, Vermont, and was discharged on August 20 after the British had been defeated at that place. He again enlisted as private in the 17th Regiment and served in Albany County, New York and was granted Land Bounty Rights, according to T. A. Roberts in his book, "New York in the Revolution," published at Albany in 1898, page 238.

These men had come from London, England, to New London, Connecticut in search of freedom, then moved up the river to Lebanon, Connecticut then, for some reason, moved out of the state of Connecticut to Longmeadow, Massachusetts but did not remain there very long, for they moved out of the state into New York, just across the state line, overlooking the beautiful Lebanon Valley, which was then a wilderness of great pines, some of them 100 feet tall. (See Mr. Hitchcock's letter).

They built their houses here, but after the State of Massachusetts had won its freedom and no longer needed these men to fight against a common enemy, it demanded that they pay taxes to Massachusetts. This they refused to do, on the grounds that they were living in the state of New York, so to settle the question, the Massachusetts Legislature ordered its Surveyor to run a new line, far enough to the West, to take in these families living on the Pittsfield mountain.

While the surveyors were running the new line, these men followed them and cut in the rocks, the NEW LINE, which

can be seen today, so there could be no question of where they lived. The next winter, one man placed his house on runners, and slid it over into New York state, while others like Dr. Simeon built new homes in the Lebanon Valley.

(See map showing the change in the state line).

They had lived in London, England and moved to a NEW LONDON in Connecticut, then moved to Lebanon, Connecticut so this was a NEW LEBANON to them.

If they did not believe in mistreating a Quaker, they could move out of the state, but they could not be driven into subjugation by any form of government.

Among my notes made forty years ago, I find the following letter written to Mr. Hackley, just after my return from New Lebanon, N. Y. as the result of my visit to Unadella Forks, of which I will speak later.

I had brought home the old door from the oven of the great fireplace and some trimmings from the front door, doubtless made by Dr. Simeon Hackley, who was not a doctor at that time, as he studied medicine later, as we see, with my great grandfather, Dr. Stephan Hall.

This letter reads:

Mr. Charles H. Hackley
Muskegon, Michigan.

Dear Sir:

This old house (a photograph of which was framed in the door taken from the great fireplace, with the great hinge from the front door) is a milestone in your family history and a few facts regarding it may be of interest to you.

Your great grandfather, Dr. Simeon Hackley, built it about 1777, when he moved into the New Lebanon Valley to establish a new home there.

Here he lived for thirty-five years and here your grandfather Roswell was born April 23, 1786.



Dr. Simeon Hackley's New Lebanon home in Poverty Hollow

It is situated on the East side of the valley through which the road runs from New Lebanon to Canaan, four miles South.

The eastern mountains tower some two thousand feet above the old house, which was once one of the fine dwellings in that section of the "NEW WEST."

Across the valley the Western range, rise almost perpendicularly and the colorings from the morning sun, produce an ever-changing beauty, as the tints come and go on their rugged sides.

From this old house, your grandfather Roswell sauntered down the road and across the little brook, still famous for fine trout, to the Northern end of the valley, to where Squire Davis lived.

There the brown-eyed ORRA held court and if the legends are true, many a suitor sat on the stone steps trying to win the affections of this beautiful maiden, but the stalwart Roswell was successful and carried her away, as his bride, to the then sparsely settled town of Plainfield in Cayuga County, N. Y.

A century and a quarter ago Simeon Hackley built this house with its great stone fireplace, with the hole in the wall so a chain could be pulled through and the oxen could pull in the great logs, that lasted a week. Here he saw ten children grow to maturity. Little he thought that one hundred and twenty-five years later, his great grandson would make this old dwelling famous.

Could we look forward one hundred and twenty-five years and see the four generations that will be educated in the Hackley Manual Training School and influenced by the statues of the great men on Hackley Park, what would we say?

There may be some children in this school who shall be fitted for high offices, but there will surely be many thousands of men and women who will be better able to help themselves and from the fullness of their blessings to follow your example and give to the world, monuments of art, literature, laws and medical institutions.

It is not for me to prophesy what the future shall be, but I know I voice the deep-felt love and gratitude of this city when

I say, GOD BLESS and give His richest blessings to our friend and benefactor, Charles H. Hackley.

Sincerely yours,

(signed)

LOUIS P. HAIGHT.

Dr. Simeon was clerk of the New Lebanon church for 26 years or until he moved to Plainfield in search of more fertile land and a new home, so much of the history of this old historic valley was written by his hand. He had worked hard to make a living for his growing family and had saved some money. He had studied medicine and wanted to give his children better advantages, so in 1805 he packed his furniture and with his daughter Sylvia, then a girl of sixteen, riding on a horse, he continued the WESTWARD JOURNEY his fathers had begun many years before.

Some interesting facts are given us by Mrs. Genevieve Adams, Dr. Simeon's granddaughter in her letter to me May 10, 1902, in which she says:

"I take pleasure in sending you a copy of the Hackley records, taken from a set of "Scott Bibles" now in my possession. These Bibles belonged to my grandmother, Sylvia Hackley Fitch, and all of the records, excepting the last entry, were in her handwriting.

"When I was a girl I stayed with my Grandmother at Unadella Forks a great deal and she told me much of the early history of her family and incidentally of the early history of the State.

"When the Hackley family came from Connecticut and settled in Unadella Forks, N. Y., it must have been in the Fall of 1805 as grandma was just sixteen years old and at that time she rode on horseback. Her father, Dr. Simeon Hackley, had all arrangements made to buy a farm on what is now Genesee St., Utica, but someone told him of some better land just a few miles further South, so the family rode on until they came to the beautiful valley of the Unadella.

"Grandma told me when her father came to what is now

known as Hackley St., he was so impressed by the beauty of the country, that he said he would go no further, but buy his land right there — and he did.

“That same land is in the possession of a member of the Hackley family today. Grandma always regretted that her father did not buy the land he first intended — as a farm in Genesee St. Utica, would have been very valuable, had they kept it in the family, as they undoubtedly would.

“The Hackleys were always known as a family of physicians and there have always been one or more Doctors in every generation.

“Dr. Simeon Hackley was a practicing physician in (was it New London, Conn.?) my memory fails me here — if not New London, the name was very similar. *(See note).

“Grandmother told me that the Hackleys came from Wales. I do not know if Dr. Simeon Hackley was born in Conn. or not, but I believe that all of his children were born in that state.

“Trusting that these few facts may be of some assistance to you in your work, and thanking you for the beautiful invitation for Memorial Day,

I am sincerely yours,

MRS. GENEVIEVE ADAMS.”

*Note — It was New Lebanon, not New London, where Doctor Simeon practiced.

This letter gave me the idea of going to Unadella Forks, N. Y. to see if I could find any records of the family there.

As I arrived at the station, I was struck with the beauty of the hills, which seemed so much like my old New Lebanon home, and now I can easily realize how they must have appealed to Dr. Simeon, who had spent so many years at Poverty Hollow and where his children had grown up and Roswell was soon to be married to the beautiful Orra Davis, who was to be one of his little colony to settle at Unadella Forks with him.

This land looked more fertile and life might have seemed easier, but he may have been just a little homesick and the sight

of these hills brought back to his mind, many pleasant and sad memories. Here he bought his land, here he settled and here he died.

We can imagine the sixteen-year-old Sylvia riding a horse and helping to keep the live stock in line as the little cavalcade wended its way along the new roads to the West, which might hold so much of life for her. Her mother was doubtless in a covered wagon with the three smaller children, Phebe, Ezekiel and Mary.

The legend that the family came from Wales was told me by Mr. C. H. Hackley, but if so, they got out of England as stow-aways and sailed from Wales, but the records do not show any such location after 1377.

I wrote to Mr. Arthur C. Hackley living at Unadella Forks asking if I might visit him and see where Dr. Simeon Hackley had lived and if there were any records that might tell me more about Charles H. Hackley.

I was met at the station and driven to his home, where I found some photographs of Mr. C. H. but nothing of great value in my work. It seemed as if my trip had been a failure, when I asked where Dr. Simeon lived before the house we were in was built.

"He built what is now our barn," was the reply, and I had visions of old letters and papers hidden away in the loft, so I asked if I might go out to the barn and see if I could find anything. Someone said that there was an old trunk under the eaves, but it was very dusty and they had never opened it.

I scraped off the dust of ages, and to my delight I found many old letters and papers belonging to Dr. Simeon Hackley and as I sat in the dust of that old barn, I began to read a deed that opened the way to the old New Lebanon Valley and the history I have stated.

As I read: THIS INDENTURE, Made the twenty-second day of February in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Six, BETWEEN Isaac Seward of the town of Canaan, in the County of Columbia and State of New York

and Abigail Eunice Seward his wife, of the first part and Peter Baker and David Johnson of the town and county aforesaid of the second part, WITNESSETH; That the said parties of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of one thousand one hundred dollars, lawful money of the State aforesaid to them in hand paid, by the said parties of the second part at the sealing and delivery of these presents, DO-GRANT, bargain, sell, remise, release, alinen, enseise and confirm unto said parties of the second part, and to their heirs and assigns forever, ALL that certain tract, piece or parsel of land situate lying and being in the Town of Canaan aforesaid and bounded and described as follows viz; Beginning near the bridge where the little creek empties into the large one, and running thence on said large creek to the mill-dam and pond; thence running East on said creek till it comes to William Dean's land; thence South on said William Dean's land crossing the highway till it comes to the land belonging to the heirs of Joseph Andrews deceased; thence West on the said land of the heirs of Joseph Andrews deceased until it comes to the first above mentioned little creek; and thence North on said little creek till it comes to said large creek and first mentioned bounds containing about ten acres be the same more or less. This deed was signed by Isaac Seward and his wife Abigail Seward and witnessed by Roger Hackley and Abel F. Andrews.

As I read this description, I could see the little creek where I had caught trout and the large creek, where I had caught my first fish when I was but a few years old and was given a bent pin and a store string to play with, while my larger brother tried to catch a large trout, under the bridge.

As I sat on the bridge, perfectly happy holding my bent pin, I felt a pull on my line, so I began to pull in, as any good fisherman should. At the same time my brother came running to me with the ejaculation, "Oh, I wanted to catch that one myself." It was the big trout which I carried home and showed to the men at the Tin Shop, and my dear Mother, who was very proud

of her young fisherman who had brought home the "Bacon".

Then as I followed up the large brook to the mill pond, was not this where I had caught many a fine pickerel, gone swimming and sailed on that pond? On I went to William Dean's land, where I had gathered butternuts from the trees on the bank of the pond and had caught bullheads at night, by building fires on the bank and here one night my dear Mother had sat with me, when I pulled in a big one, for she was afraid that I might fall in, but would not let me know it.

Here I caught the largest fresh water turtle I ever saw and did not know how to get him off my hook, so dragged him half a mile on his back, to the store, to have the hook cut out and sold him to a man who used him for a turtle soup; I followed across the highway to the large chestnut tree that stood in the corner, which I had threshed many a Fall and eaten the large nuts in Brooklyn where we lived during the Winter; then down to the little creek, where the "Devils wash-basin" had been cut out of the slate rock and where we children played when the water was low. Just across this little creek at the bridge, my great grandfather, Dr. Hall, lived and on this ten acres I was born.

It was among these old papers I found a letter from my Great Grandfather Stephan Hall who had taught Dr. Simeon Hackley the art of PHYSIC, as medicine was then called, enclosing a bill for medicines he had sold to Dr. Simeon while he lived in New Lebanon, on which he had written: "I have not added interest for the last seven years, but if it is now convenient for you to pay this bill, you may do so." This old bill from my Great Grandfather, was marked PAID IN FULL. It was the first proof that Mr. Charles H. Hackley had returned the favors my Great Grandfather had extended to his Great Grandfather, Dr. Simeon Hackley, by helping him get his diploma dated December 9, 1797, to practice medicine and it was with pleasure that I began to write his Biography.

I had never heard the name Hackley (until I came to Muskegon) when I asked Mr. Hackley for the pleasure of writing his Biography, but this old deed revealed that our families had been



Dr. Simeon Hackley

together in England, at New London, Conn., and New Lebanon, where my Great Grandfather had taught Dr. Simeon the Art of Physic.

I found a certificate for the Practice of Physic in Dr. Simeon Hackley's papers, which may be of interest.

State of New York)
County of Columbia)

Be it remembered that on the ninth day of December in the year of our Lord Seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, Dr. Simeon Hackley proved to my satisfaction that he had practiced Physic and Surgery within the Town of Canaan, County of Columbia for and during the term of two years next preceeding the first day of October last past.

John Tryon

One of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Columbia

I certify the above to be a true copy of a Certificate filed in my office the 19th day of August 1804

R. Hogelion, Clerk of the Court of Columbia.

R. Hogihoam, Clerk of the Court of Columbia.

R. Hogelioam, Clerk of the Court of Columbia.

Gathering up an armful of the old papers and letters, I closed the old hair-trunk, which Dr. Simeon may have brought from New Lebanon and went to the house with my friend, feeling that my trip had not been in vain. The next day I took the train for New Lebanon, N. Y., and going to my Grandfather's safe I found another deed, with the same description and sure enough this same land had been purchased by my grandfather, Frederick W. Everest and here I was born sixty-two years after Dr. Simeon had moved from the dear old valley, to Unadella Forks or Plainfield, N. Y.

As I look back over the century, I see in Dr. Simeon the same executive character that made Charles H. Hackley able to govern men and amass a fortune.

Roswell Hackley, son of Dr. Simeon and Lydia Cogswell

Hackley, was born April 23rd, 1786, at New Lebanon, N. Y., and died at Crown Point, Ind., August 21, 1864. He married Orra Davis at New Lebanon. He was the XV in the family line and a strong character.

ROSWELL HACKLEY

Roswell Hackley and family moved in 1832 from Plainfield, N. Y., in a nice two-horse wagon, which would have been called later, a prairie schooner. They came through to Buffalo and then took the road through Canada, to Detroit, stopping at public houses or taverns each night. He was offered what is now the heart of Detroit for \$4 an acre but thought the price too high and went on two miles west, where he bought land and where he lived for two years. Here Joseph, his son and father of Charles, worked as a carpenter, a trade which Roswell had learned at Albany, N. Y., when a young man, and was apprenticed out for this purpose.

In 1834 they again moved westward to Michigan City, Ind., which was on the direct route to Chicago and the west, a direction the family had traveled ever since they left England and Peter built his fulling mill at New London, Conn., in 1694.

Michigan City seemed like a good location for a Post Tavern such as they had seen along the way from Plainfield, as it was on the direct route and there were few stopping places further on.

Here, Joseph, a lad of 22 years, was working to save some money for he had plans of his own, but he lived with his father and mother and helped to stake out a claim twenty miles from town out in the prairie, where they lived for one year, then because the women were afraid to live in the house when the men were working in the fields because of so many Indians, Roswell moved his family back to Michigan City, in 1835, where Edwin, the brother of Joseph, learned his trade as a carpenter.

Joseph was a silent lad given to thought and he must have noticed the many travelers wending their way along the only road to the fast growing west and the little town of Chicago.



Lydia Cogswell, wife of Dr. Simeon
Born at Farmington, Conn. Jan. 27, 1752
Died at Plainfield, N. Y. Jan. 18, 1838

Why not build a Tavern here and make money? These people must stop over night somewhere, why not here?

During the winter of 1834, Joseph took his sister Mary, then a girl of fifteen years, to her first party and his brown eyes must have made a pleasing appearance with his brown eyed sister, but there were some grey eyes in the little company which attracted this young man's attention. They belonged to Miss Salina Fuller, a young lady lately come from Ohio with the Cole family, of whom we shall hear later.

Mary attended school that Winter of 1834, before they moved out into the prairie where the Indians still held sway, to make good their claim. She had been used to the more cultured ways of Plainfield and did not like the wild life at Michigan City, any more than the brown eyed Orra, her mother, who had been the bell of the Lebanon Valley, so Roswell packed his household goods again in 1842 and moved to Crown Point, Ind., where he lived until his death and where Mary was married to Wellington Clark by the Probate Judge in a little log cabin. There was no minister there at that time and her father, Roswell Hackley, gathered the folks together every Sunday for worship, and held the Communion Service, for years or until a church could be built.

Wellington Clark was a young man with an eye to business. He owned the only buggy then in Crown Point, but he needed the cash it might bring, for his wedding outfit, so he sold it several months in advance, retaining the right to use it for his wedding journey, and drove to the log cabin where he was married, to get his wife and brought her to his new home in style.

Some idea of the country can be gained by the fact that the Probate Judge who married the young couple December 7, 1843, shot a large deer on his way to the wedding, and brought it on his horse, as a present for the bride and groom.

Prairie chickens were so plentiful at that time that they could be shot from the doorway, so the early settlers never lacked for meat.

In those days the girls tall enough to spin, had to spin

twenty knots, before they could play. Twenty knots equalled one run.

The larger girls had to spin two or three runs, before they could play, for the family had to be clothed by the women of the household, who washed the wool, combed and spun it into yarn, then took it to a weaver, if they did not have a loom, to weave it.

Flax was grown for the linen needed and it required many busy hands to provide for the simple wants of the times, even if game was plentiful.

Orra Davis had been used to parties in her New Lebanon home, for Squire Davis was a man of wealth and influence and as this mother looked back to her girlhood, she was determined that her children should enjoy the good times to which all children are entitled, so parties were given.

For refreshments, they had apples, when they could get them; and many a merry time they had at the paring bees, when the young people gathered to pare apples to dry on strings, which was the only method of preserving in those early days.

When there were no apples, turnips had to answer, but the children had a good time and looked back to the jolly times for many a year after.

When Roswell Hackley came to Michigan City, Ind., there was no church. Dr. Simeon had taught his sons to attend church service and Roswell was a truly religious man, so he acted as the Shepherd of the sheep in the little town and held services in the building which was later used as The Mission. Here Joseph and Uncle John were members of the Church Choir.

They lived three miles from this building and as they had a morning service and an afternoon service at two o'clock, all took their lunch and stayed through the day, but in those days, Sunday began at Sundown Saturday night and ended at sundown Sunday.

Orra Hackley was an attractive young woman, when she took Joseph, her 17-year-old son, on a trip from Albany to Mohawk on a packet boat her brother George owned, for the

Captain knew her from her likeness to her brother, but could not believe her son, Joseph, was her son and insisted that he was her husband.

When she was 70 years old, an old lover wrote her that he had heard that she was a widow and wanted to know if after all of these years of separation, she would now marry him. He was rich and could care for her well.

As her husband, Roswell, who had carried her away from New Lebanon, was living, her son-in-law, Wellington Clark, answered the letter, stating that she was not a widow, so could not accept his offer. She not only had beautiful brown eyes and brown hair, but a mind of her own and made her children mind. She was a true wife and mother and shared all of her husband's hardships and joys.

WELLINGTON AUGUSTUS CLARK

Wellington A. Clark lived at Crown Point when I called on him and Mrs. Clark and to them I am indebted to many interesting notes.

He married Roswell Hackley's eldest daughter, Mary Cordelia Hackley.

He also wrote to the old suiter of Orra Davis and told him that she was not a widow as he had heard.

Orra Davis was a beautiful girl and must have been very attractive from all accounts.

She had a will of her own, as was shown by her attempt to kill the cat. Having tried to get the men to kill a cat, without the desired result, she determined to do the deed herself, so one day took the cat to the chopping block, determined to cut off its head as she had seen the men do with chickens. She raised the axe high but her tender heart made her close her eyes so she would not see the blood and the dying cat. When the axe fell she rushed to the house, but to her dismay and the amusement of the family, the cat came in the other door as she entered the house and lived its allotted nine lives so far as we know.

One would like to know the old memories that must have

come to this vivacious woman even after she was 70 years old, as she read that letter from her old lover, who heard that she was a widow and wrote her that he had become rich and could take the best of care of her and asked if at this late date she would not share his life with him.

Her husband, Roswell Hackley, was not rich, but he was a good man and they had lived together for more than forty years. Their children had grown to maturity, yet there seems to be in their lives, something of the beautiful Orra Davis' dignity and calm, as she looked at her chosen lover Roswell reading his Bible and holding the Communion Service in his home for those who wished to worship with him, because there was no church there at that time.

We do not know what Wellington A. Clark wrote to the old suitor but it was a kindly note, I have no doubt, telling him his beloved Orra was happy with his rival Roswell who had courted her in the beautiful Lebanon Valley forty years ago.

CHAPTER II

JOSEPH HACKLEY XVI

Joseph Hackley was born at Unadella Forks January 7, 1816, and died at Muskegon August 16, 1864.

He learned the carpenter's trade and worked for a time in Albany, N. Y., as a carpenter and taught school in the winter. He was well educated for the times, worked hard and saved his money, so when his father, Roswell, came west, he came with him as a prosperous young man. He thought that he could make a good living for his bride, if he built a Post Tavern or Hotel to care for the many traveling by stage coach, to Chicago, so he began to build and invested all of his money, but before his new venture was finished the railroad was completed and the traveling public, went straight through and did not stop at his Tavern.

A talkative, brown-eyed girl, who had come from Ohio with Mr. and Mrs. Cole, by the name of Salina Fuller, was the opposite of Joseph in many ways, who was quiet and said little, but she won his heart and they were married and shared their lots together through life.

They were married in the bay window of Reverend Southworth's home and then went to Roswell's home for supper and stayed there until they could get a little, two-room house with addition, for a kitchen, on Pine Street, near the large sand dune, where they could see the lights on the shore of Lake Michigan and began their new life in Michigan City, Ind.

Joseph was building what was to be known as the Western Hotel and all seemed prosperous, but he failed in his venture, six months before Charles was born and the hard years that followed, made an impression on Charles Henry Hackley, who was born there soon after his father's failure, January 3, 1837.

Some idea of the living conditions in Michigan City can be gained from a letter I received from Mrs. Holliday, who stated

that she attended a party given in that little house, by Judge Lawson in 1837, when there were 28 men and 7 ladies present, but there were not enough chairs in the city to seat so many, so they had to use boards to seat the company. The front room was used for a parlor, with the dining room and a bed room back of it, while the addition was used for a kitchen.

Joseph had joined the Kirk's Church, while working in Albany and he and his wife worshipped in the Old Chappel at Michigan City, but I do not know where they attended church in Kenosha. They must have had some church connection, for Charles' mother made him commit to memory, one verse from the Bible every day and on Sunday repeat all seven, before going to Sunday School, so he must have known the Bible pretty well.

Joseph built plank roads and did general contracting, also graded a part of the railway right of way from Kenosha to Rockford. He moved the Presbyterian Church across the creek on blocking and then contracted for some large work, which required a partner. This partner proved dishonest, so they failed leaving Joseph with the debts. For fifteen years he had labored in Kenosha, but work became scarce and hearing of a new saw-mill to be built in Muskegon, he crossed the Lake and began working for Gideon Truesdale, who became a life-long friend and later his partner.

George Palmer, who lived at 523 Webster Ave., said the first \$100 check for the erection of the Universalist Church built in Muskegon, at the corner of Clay Avenue and Fourth Street where the Occidental Hotel now stands, was given by Joseph H. Hackley.

When Joseph Hackley came to Muskegon in 1856 he built the first bridge across the Muskegon River and the road over the marsh to North Muskegon.

He said Joseph was an earnest, quiet man who never used profane language. If he pounded his finger or was sorely tried, he would say DAMN IT! and then add as if ashamed of himself, George, go get that pipe of mine, which he would smoke for a few minutes, after which the skies cleared.

He also said that Porter Hackley had a big heart. After his Mother died and Joseph Hackley married my mother, Mrs. Holt, the Hackley boys boarded with her. My Mother was always working with the poor people in the town as we had no welfare department in those days. Sometimes Mother would come home and tell about the poor families she had visited. Porter would say: "What do you need most? Give me the names who need wood," and he would send out two carts with wood to all of these houses. He would tell my mother to go to the store and buy anything she wanted for those families and send the bill to him.

Mr. Palmer also told about Jim McGordon walking along Clay Avenue with Levi Beardsley until they came in front of Frank Scott's Saloon which was closed on account of a funeral in the boarding house upstairs. Jim seized Levi and threw him headfirst into the hearse standing in front of the house and told the driver to drive him to the cemetery, which cost him \$10,000, as Levi brought suit and collected the damages by a judgment.

Joseph and Charles Hackley were Master Masons and charter members of the Lovell More Lodge.

In the early days there was little cash to be seen. The Lumbermen could borrow money for mill expenses, but not for personal use and one winter Joseph Hackley had but ten shillings (1.25) in cash. This he gave to Charles for expense money when he had to drive to Newaygo on business and that was the only cash they had that winter.

Captain Seth Lee sailed the Rouse Simmons, and the C. H. Hackley & Co. owned the schooners Rouse Simmons, Kate Lyon, and Z. G. Simmons also the tug Joseph Hackley and James McGordon.

The largest amount of lumber ever cut in Muskegon was 661,664,000 feet in 1888 or 1889. This did not include shingles, nor lath.

Mr. C. H. Hackley gave me these two photographs, which he signed, for his Biography. They represent the MONEY MAKER of 1875 and the GIVER of 1888.

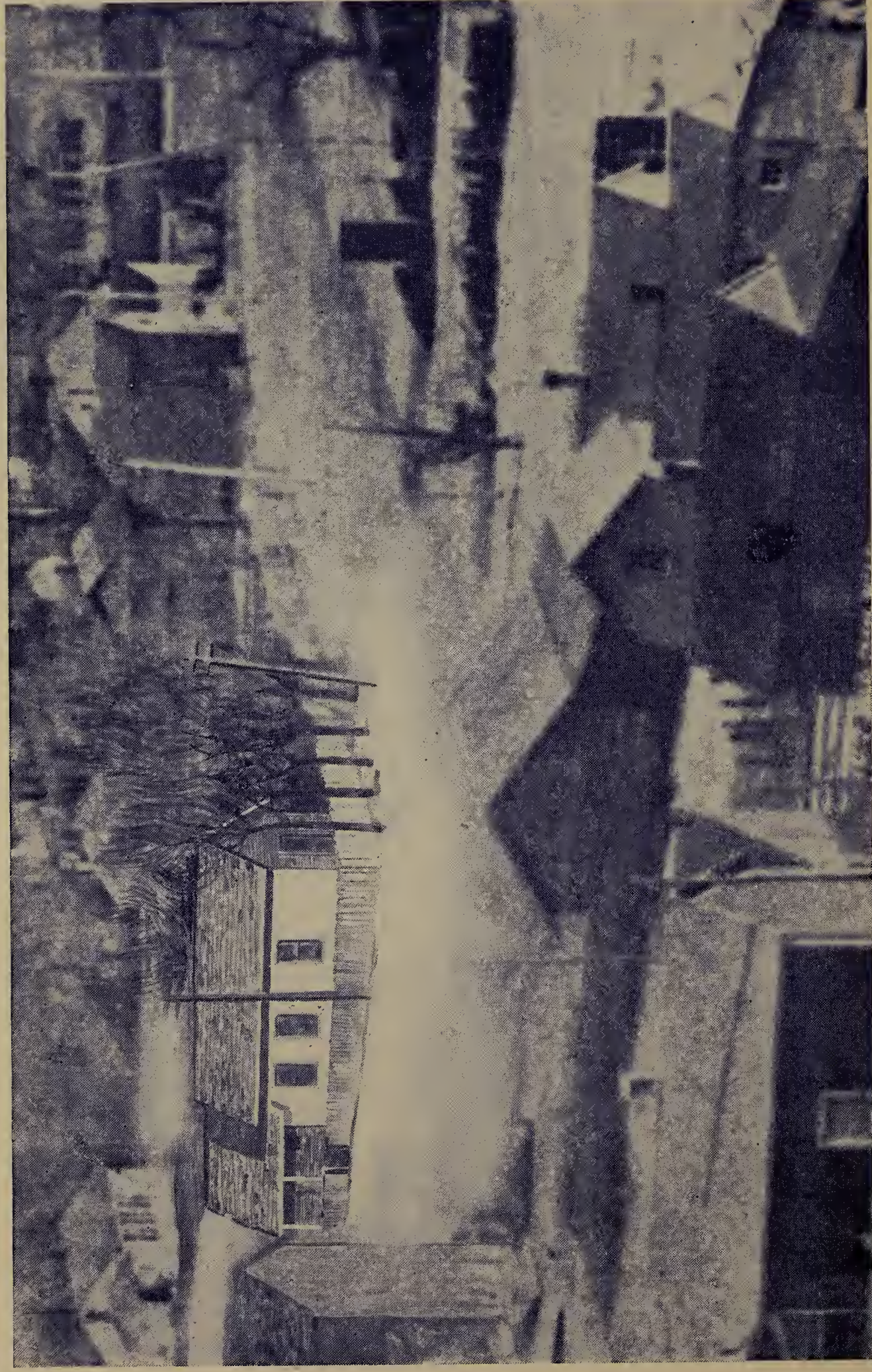
CHAPTER III

THE CHARLES H. HACKLEY I KNEW

There were two Charles H. Hackleys. One who lived the rough hard life of the lumbermen, shoveled sawdust into Gideon Truesdale's boiler, worked as Cookie's helper in the woods and scaled logs, or worked in the yard piling lumber or on the dock. He could drive a team of horses or sink his axe in a pine log. He drank whiskey, but I never knew him, for I did not come to Muskegon until the timber was almost gone. He was strong. Stood five feet eight inches tall and weighed 165 pounds. He was ever ready to join in the fun as a young man or to match his wits with other lumbermen as we see later on, but he was always a gentleman, according to all accounts. The blood in his veins produced by 500 years of men and women who were MASTERS in their day and generation, could not be destroyed by the hard life he had to live as Mrs. John Harkness tells us in her interesting account of the years from 1855-1934 on page 98.

The Charles H. Hackley I knew was developing into the real life he was destined to become, as naturally as a rose bud unfolds, although little known to those around him or even himself. As we look back we see the real purpose of his life was to bless the children of Muskegon, by giving them the things he had wanted but never had, that they might have the opportunity to make more of their lives, because he had worked hard and saved his money for them.

He was born six months after his father had failed in business at Michigan City and the hardships his mother endured were impressed on his life, for as he told me, of his mother taking him to the store to buy his first pair of pants and a pair of boots with red tops and brass toe plates. The store keeper gave



Charles H. Hackley was born Jan. 3, 1837 in this little white house shown in this picture, with the picket fence and six trees in front of it. The addition in the rear served for a kitchen.

him three large sticks of candy with red stripes running around them, which he put in a bag. Charles took one bite from one stick and it was very sweet, but he wanted to share his treat with his two brothers at home, so put back the stick to take it home. On the way home, he was watching the brass toe plates as they danced in and out of the sand and did not notice that a big hole had broken through the paper bag and his candy had fallen out, but on reaching home he rushed into the house to tell his brothers the good news, when he discovered the candy was gone. He said to me, many years later, "I could buy a candy factory today, but I have never been able to eat enough candy to replace that stick I lost in the sand at Michigan City. I have always been impelled to work hard and save my money, ever since I can remember."

He knew poverty from his birth. He saved and deprived himself of many little things that he might have enjoyed, that he might give his wealth to the children of Muskegon.

His first school house was the cabin of a schooner pulled up on land at Kenosha, but he learned how to read and think. Later when he was under the instruction of Col. John G. McMynn, who was a graduate of Williams College, which produced many men who thought out the problems of their day, like Henry Ward Beecher, he learned the value of a reading room.

As a boy Charles was full of fun and a leader, as we see by a story told me of his taking some boys one cold night when it was below zero and they carried water to the top of the school building and turned the bell upside down, filled it with water, so in the morning the bell could not ring to summon the children to school. We can imagine the schoolmaster as he pulled that bell rope, wondering why it did not ring. No doubt ALL of the scholars were waiting outside to be called in by that bell, but his pranks were always good sport.

When he was 14 he began to work driving a horse for a hay press at 15c a day. Another boy offered to work for 10c, so Charles cut his price to hold his job. All through life he was willing to meet competition.

He attended school during the winter, but the next year he began to work for his father, building plank roads and was given a section of twenty miles to keep in repair, with a gang of men.

He must have been a strong boy and young man, for he was Assistant Foreman of the Hose Company No. 2 in Kenosha before coming to Muskegon, a fact that may have influenced him in giving the Number 2 Company in Muskegon, new suits and belts in later years. I have one of the belts given me by a member of that company.

He went to the High School that winter and enjoyed the READING ROOM he so missed when he came to Muskegon. It may have made him promise himself that when he was worth One Million Dollars, he would give Muskegon a reading room. Whenever he was in Kenosha in later years, he always went to the School on Friday afternoon as a VISITOR. He was interested in education at that time and was glad to serve on the Board of Education in Muskegon in after years.

Mr. Hackley asked me to call on Mrs. Ella L. Sweet, then living in Waukegon, Ill., as she was an old schoolmate. She told me of her father thinking that she had run away with Charlie when she was 21 years old.

Charles had the smallpox when he was 18 years old and his father took care of him in the East Wing of the house seen on page 43.

When his father wrote that there was plenty of work at the "little town just coming out of the Woods," called Muskegon, but could not send him any money, Charles took his only \$7.00 so much talked of and (which he told me he had often wished he had never mentioned), and to save that seven dollars, he "WORKED HIS PASSAGE" on the schooner Challenge, to get to Muskegon.

He applied for work to Levi Truesdale and was given the job of shoveling sawdust into the boiler. This was hard work for "the song of the saws" depended on the steam in that boiler. Only a strong man could do that kind of work, but Charles

worked so well that he was paid \$25 that month, instead of the \$20 the foreman had set down.

Levi Truesdale was not slow in noticing he had a young man of ability, for he gave him charge of a gang of men piling the lumber on the dock, but it was in this boiler room that he made his promise to give Muskegon a READING ROOM, when he became worth One Million Dollars. He had faith in himself and believed that he would be worth one million dollars at that time.

He was telling me of the work in the boiler room when he said: "When I came to Muskegon there was no place where a young man could spend his evenings, except the Boarding House or the saloon and one was about as bad as the other. While I was shoveling sawdust into that boiler, I made a promise that when I was worth a million dollars I would give this town a READING ROOM. I got into the lumber business and it made me rich. One day I balanced my books and found that I was worth a million dollars and I wanted to put enough money in my will to provide Muskegon with a Reading Room, as I had promised, but I did not know what kind of a Reading Room I should give, so I went over to Fred Nim's office and said: "Fred, do you think One Thousand Dollars would be enough for me to place in my will, to provide Muskegon with a Reading Room?" Fred said, "Charlie I do not know what kind of a reading room you wish to give, but why do you not spend that money yourself and then you will know."

"I came back to my office and thought that over for a week, then returned and said, 'Fred, do you think \$1,500 would be enough for that Reading Room?'" "Be your own executor," replied Fred, "and then you will know."

"I returned to my office and thought that over for another week and then went back and said: 'Fred, I am willing to give \$1,500 and the lumber. Will you get a committee together and see what kind of a Reading Room should be built?'"

"Now I want you to go to Fred Nims and have him tell you the rest of this story" said Mr. Hackley, so I went to see Mr.

Nims and he told me in almost the same words, what Mr. Hackley had told me, then added, "Have you seen Mr. Patten, the Architect of the Library? He should tell you the rest of that story".

I came back to Mr. Hackley's office and told him what Mr. Nims had said and he smiled, as he said: "I want you to see Mr. Patten, too." He gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Patten and I went to Chicago to see him. When I presented that letter, he burst out laughing as he said, "This is no place for us. Come over to the Union League Club, where I can tell you how I got a good contract, by obeying a hunch."

When we were comfortably seated in large chairs in the Club, he began: "One day I read in the trade paper an advertisement for plans for a library, made of lumber, to be built in the SAWDUST CITY of Muskegon, where a match dropped on the sawdust streets, might burn up the whole town and I began to laugh at the idea. I laughed and laughed until my sides were sore, then I got a hunch that I should go to Muskegon and see what was wanted, so taking the boat, I sailed over. On arriving the next morning I called on Mr. Hackley and found him sitting with his legs crossed, in the back room of his office, I said, 'Mr. Hackley, what kind of a reading room or Library, do you want to build'? 'I do not know', he replied, 'but I think it should have a tower in one corner'. As I looked at that man, I began to realize that he did not know what he wanted, but he would have what he wanted if he only knew, so I returned to Chicago and drew plans for a 'GLORIFIED HEN HOUSE', but it had a tower in one corner, then I sat down and sketched out the plans you have for what is the best constructed Library outside of New York City and on the appointed day, returned to Muskegon to meet the committee."

After all of the other architects had shown their plans, I laid down my 'Hen House' plans, then said to Mr. Hackley, 'I have here some other plans that I believe are what you are really looking for and will please you better than my other plans'. Laying out the large plans on the table, I said, 'Mr. Hackley,

here are plans for a Library built of granite, that will last for centuries. It is fireproof and has filtered air, but it would cost you ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS'!

Mr. Hackley got up and walked around that table, viewing those plans from all sides, then turned to the Committee and said, 'Gentlemen, these plans seem to me more what we are looking for and I suggest that we adjourn for a week to consider what might be done'."

Mr. Nims said, "Mr. Hackley, those plans are very beautiful, but we have only \$1,500 and the lumber, so cannot consider them".

The Committee adjourned and as I walked out of that building, Mr. Hackley poked me in the ribs as he said, "You draw those large plans and send me the bill, but do not tell anyone of them".

"By obeying that hunch," continued Mr. Patten, "I got a good contract, but I want to tell you, you have a man in Muskegon who can GROW and will have what he wants."

This I mention here because it was in that boiler room that Mr. Hackley made a promise to himself that was never forgotten. No one knew of that promise, but himself, but having been made it MUST BE KEPT.

It was years after he made that promise that he got into the Lumber Business that made him rich, but it is of interest to study how he grew through the hard years of work, when he would have liked a reading room like he had enjoyed in Kenosha. He saved his money that we might have what he was denied.

He once told me, "It is hard to save the first \$5,000, but after that it comes easily if you are willing to work hard and save".

Levi Truesdale was a kindly man and noticed that Charles was capable of other work than shoveling sawdust so set him to piling the lumber on the dock and later gave him a gang of men to keep the yard clean.

Charles had no place to spend his evenings, so helped Mr. Truesdale evenings in the store, where he learned much about the business, but did not know how to keep the books, so Mr.

Truesdale offered to pay his board, if he would return to Kenosha that winter and take a course of Bookkeeping at the Business College there. Charles was not slow to accept the offer and returned to Kenosha and completed the four months course in six weeks, paying his own expenses and tuition.

On his return to Muskegon, he found that the Company had failed while he was away, so went into the woods to scale logs and when there were no logs to scale, he helped to make more, by carrying lunches to the hard working men, who needed a lunch between meals and acted as the Cookie's Helper. The men liked to see him coming, as they worked in the snow and rain and listened for the word, "TIMBER" which meant death to the man who did not look out for the falling trees and the branches that might fall later from other trees.

The next Spring a new Company was formed in which Levi Truesdale had an interest and he gave Charles the books to keep. This office work included the store, where he met the men and made friends that he never forgot, but also gave him an insight to the business that later made him rich.

He was very fond of Levi Truesdale, who was a kindly man and he gave me his photograph which is a pleasure to use in his Biography, for it shows that there were kind men in the Lumber Days, who tried to help others.

That Spring Joseph Hackley moved his family from Kenosha to Muskegon, but he did not have much money, so his loyal wife helped by keeping Giddeon Truesdale's boarding house. Mrs. Josephine Stevens who also came from Kenosha, with her father, Captain Rand, told me that Mrs. Hackley had beautiful brown eyes and hair. She stood 5 feet 3 inches tall, was slim and talkative. She gathered the children of the town at the boarding house and gave them pleasant evenings and good advice. She was a real mother to the children of the town as well as her own and must have had a great influence on Charles, who could not forget her training.

By 1859 Joseph Hackley had saved enough money, or had the credit, to join with Giddeon Truesdale, in forming a partner-

ship which consisted of Giddeon Truesdale, Joseph Hackley and his three sons, Charles, Porter and Edwin. Charles had saved \$500 by his hard work in the woods. He also owned a team of horses, for he worked with Matthew Wilson and A. V. Mann in building the first road to Port Sherman, which is now the Lakeside Drive. Charles never lost an opportunity to earn an honest dollar and was proud of the fact that he could do manual labor which he regarded as honorable.

He once said that he wished that he was a better MIXER like Jim McGordon, but he did not like their ways and simply could not enjoy the things they did, so he was forced to his loneliness by his natural likes and dislikes that had been bred in him. His father and mother had impressed on him the better ways of life and while he was forced to mix with rough men, he did not like their ways.

He was a lonely man and had few intimate friends, but was true to those he had. Few ever realized that this quiet man was a student. His opportunity for study had been limited to school in the winters and six weeks at the Kenosha Business College, but those who knew him best would always find him in Fred Reynold's back room, in the drug store, as soon as the papers came in, where he read the Chicago Tribune and other publications that gave him both sides of the questions in Public Life. He was no rough lumberjack even when in the woods, serving as the Cookie's Helper, but if you will study his hands as shown in the Cartrand portrait in the Library, you will see a man with powerful hands, as the result of years of hard work, but his face sheds out the love he had for the children of Muskegon, for whom he worked and saved, that they might have more than he had and he hoped that they would "PASS IT ALONG" to future generations.

We may well ask here, why this, the last of SEVENTEEN GENERATIONS of Hackleys should so change from the rough lumber life, to such a beautiful character, as I had the pleasure to study, while making the notes for this book, but I have given you the TRUTH as I found it and have not tried to do any

WHITEWASHING; so mention four stories that were told me by those who knew him well.

Charles H. Hackley drank whiskey when nothing was thought of a man getting drunk, but never until he had done his banking business. He never had a headache and never was there a morning, when he was not on the dock to hire men or see the mill start sawing lumber.

The following story has been told many times by those who never gave Muskegon a dollar, but seemed to take delight in defaming this man who gave so much and I give it as told me.

Mr. Hackley was walking up Clay Avenue one afternoon with his partner, Jim McGordon, whom he was leading home. As they reached a lamp post, Jim reached for it and as he swung around it and fell down, he looked up and said: "Charlie what in Hell is the matter with us anyway?" Charlie replied, "Jim I do not know but I guess that we have too much money". Here we should note that Charlie could walk, when Jim could not.

In 1880 Mr. Reynolds held temperance meetings in Muskegon which were called the RED RIBBON MOVEMENT and Mr. Hackley walked up the aisle with Pat Connell one evening and signed the pledge. After that he never went into a saloon, but he did buy his brandy by the case in California and kept it in Captain Seth Lees' cellar, so he could have a glass after the day's work was done and he was studying his plans for giving the children of Muskegon the things he hoped would make them better citizens. Here I often joined him and saw this side of his life.

Another story was told me by Mr. C. C. Billingham, who was the Cashier at the Lumberman's Bank.

"I was in Judd Moon's saloon," said Mr. Billingham, "with Charlie Hackley and three other lumbermen, when a 'CRUISER' (a man who tramped through the woods and estimated the number of feet of lumber that could be cut from the standing timber) came in. After a few drinks, he began to tell of some WONDERFUL PINE he had found around Houghton Lake

where it had been supposed there was only a great swamp. He gave the descriptions, but Charlie sat with his eyes closed as if he was asleep. He was noted for leaving on the minute, for home and it was said that you could set your clock by the time he passed your house, but this afternoon he got up an hour earlier and said he was going home. Soon after one of the lumbermen said he was going home and then the second and the third, but when the train left, all four were on it. The three men suspected that Charlie was going to Lansing to buy that Wonderful Pine, so they agreed among themselves, that if they could get Charlie drunk, they would divide that pine among themselves”.

After a few minutes, one of them asked Charlie to have a drink with him and where he was going. “To Detroit”, was his reply. A few minutes later the second man asked Charlie to have a drink with him and he “tipped the bottle high” as was the custom in those days and returned the bottle with his thanks. A little later the third man asked Charlie to have a drink with him and he tipped his bottle high also.”

“Later Charlie settled down in his seat ‘DEAD DRUNK’ and when the train arrived at the Junction where they had to stay overnight, for the down train to Lansing in the morning, these men picked up the ‘Dead Drunk’ Charlie, and carried him to a room in the second story of the hotel, which was a part of the Depot and laid him on a bed and locked the door, putting the key in their pocket, so they would know where Charlie was that night.”

“During the night, Charlie woke up and jumped out of that second story window, hired the only team of horses in the place and ran them so fast that he killed one and had to pay for the other as he was so lame, but he bought the timber and was at the station in Lansing, when the three men arrived the next morning.”

To get the other side of this story, I took my notes to Mr. Hackley and asked him to tell me his side of the story. He laughed as I read my notes and then said, “I was in Judd Moon’s saloon that afternoon. I did hear that cruiser tell of that

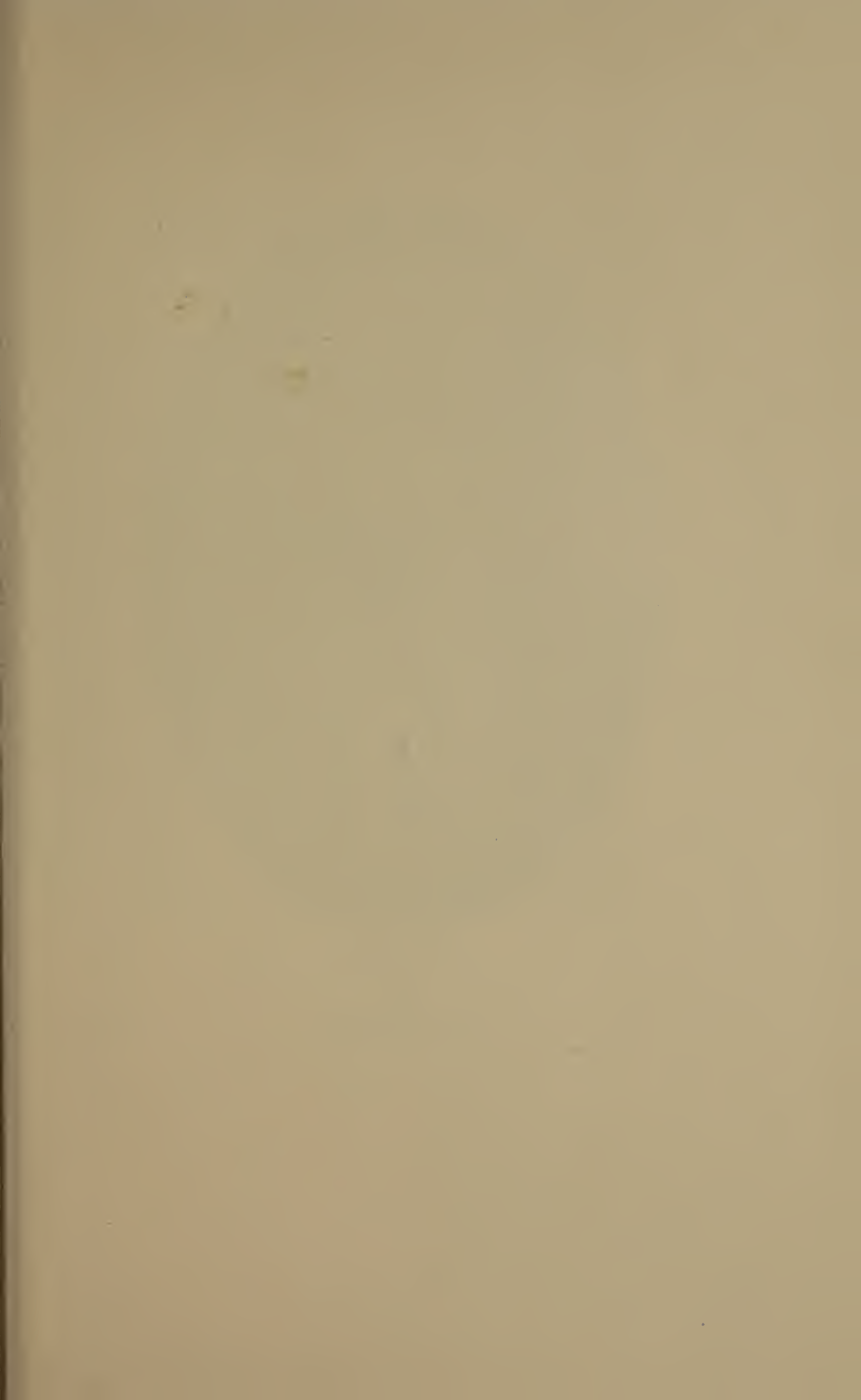
WONDERFUL PINE and made a mental note of the descriptions he gave. I DID go home an hour early and I was on that train, when it pulled out of the station. I did tell then I was going to Detroit and I did "TIP THEIR BOTTLES HIGH, BUT I DID NOT TAKE ONE DROP. I can now hear them as they got off that train, saying, 'I guess Charlie will go to Detroit all right, but just as the train started, I jumped off the other side and ran back to the stable where the only team of horses were kept and I hired the owner to drive me to Lansing that night. He had nothing but a lumber wagon, so I had him put four feet of straw in it and then lay a blanket on the straw and I laid down, then had him put more straw over me, so he drove out of town with a **load of straw**. He could not have run those horses, because the roads were so rough and I rolled from side to side in that lumber wagon all night. I was black and blue when I saw the sun just coming up in the East, as we entered Lansing. He drove me to the hotel where I had a bath and a shave and some breakfast, but I was the first man in front of the Auditor General's office, when the door opened and I bought that timber and walked down to the station, where their train had to pass my train going North. As they got off their train, one of them shouted, 'WHERE IN HELL DID YOU COME FROM,' and I said I had walked in, which was true, because the roads were so rough those horses had to walk every step of the way."

For a few minutes Mr. Hackley remained silent, then added: "THAT WAS WONDERFUL PINE AND I MADE JUST \$70,000 by that night's ride in that lumber wagon."

I pass on to my readers these two versions of this story so often told, that they may judge which is true.

I mention two other stories that were often told by those who took delight in telling stories, if not true, but were reluctant to tell of kind stories they might know.

The next one was told me by our Fire Chief, Chris Smith, who was a small boy walking up Western Avenue behind Mr. Hackley, when a small boy rounded the corner carrying a large





C. H. Hackley

1875

The Money Maker



C. H. Hackley

1888

The Giver

watermelon. Just as he reached the plank sidewalk in front of the Hardy Store, his little arms grew tired and he dropped the melon which broke into many pieces. As the little lad stood looking at the wreck, Mr. Hackley came up and asked him where he had gotten the melon. "At the store," replied the child. "Where were you taking it," asked Mr. Hackley's kindly voice. "Home sobbed the little lad and I will get a licking too."

Taking the little wet hand in his, Mr. Hackley said, "Come and let us see if we cannot find another melon."

Leading him to the store, he bought him another melon and sent the child home to save him a licking.

Mr. Hackley did not know that Chris Smith saw him buy that melon, nor that he would tell me about it, fifty years later, but it shows how this man loved children and tried to help them in many ways.

I wish that I knew the name of that boy and if he should chance to read this book, I hope he will write me his version of how he was saved a licking.

I mention the next story which was often told after he gave the Library. It was said that Mr. Hackley was an ignorant man and could not have written the beautiful letter, read to the Board of Education, when he gave the Library and that Mr. Fred Nims had written it.

I went to Mr. Nims and asked him to tell me if he had written that letter. "No," was his reply, "I never saw a word of it until he read it before the Board of Education that evening."

This letter is worth studying, for it shows the real Hackley I knew. He had been taught the use of the English language by Col. McMynn while attending the Kenosha high school, then he had been brought up in a family that used good English and it was as natural as breathing for him to speak it. He knew how to write and he did not need any help in writing his letters. He could shovel sawdust or chop a log or drive a team of horses, but he also knew how to write a letter.

Notice his first expression. This was from a man who was to give thousands of dollars, but he did not say that IF the Board

would do as he wished, he would make his gift, but he begins by saying, "I venture to express the hope" — you will take measures to secure reasonable provision for that education which will best fit our youth for good citizenship and for an intelligent and faithful discharge of the varied duties of life". These are not the words of an ignorant man and there was no one in Muskegon who could have written them for him, but then he adds his reasons for such a hope; "That they may cultivate frugality, regard manual labor as honorable, aspire to a high standard of character rather than wealth".

Mr. Hackley did not claim to be a SELF MADE MAN, for he told me that he had gotten into the lumber business and it had made him rich, but he asked more than wealth for the children of Muskegon. He wanted them to "aspire to a high standard of life." Then he adds his hope for the children he so much wished to help; "and may become upright."

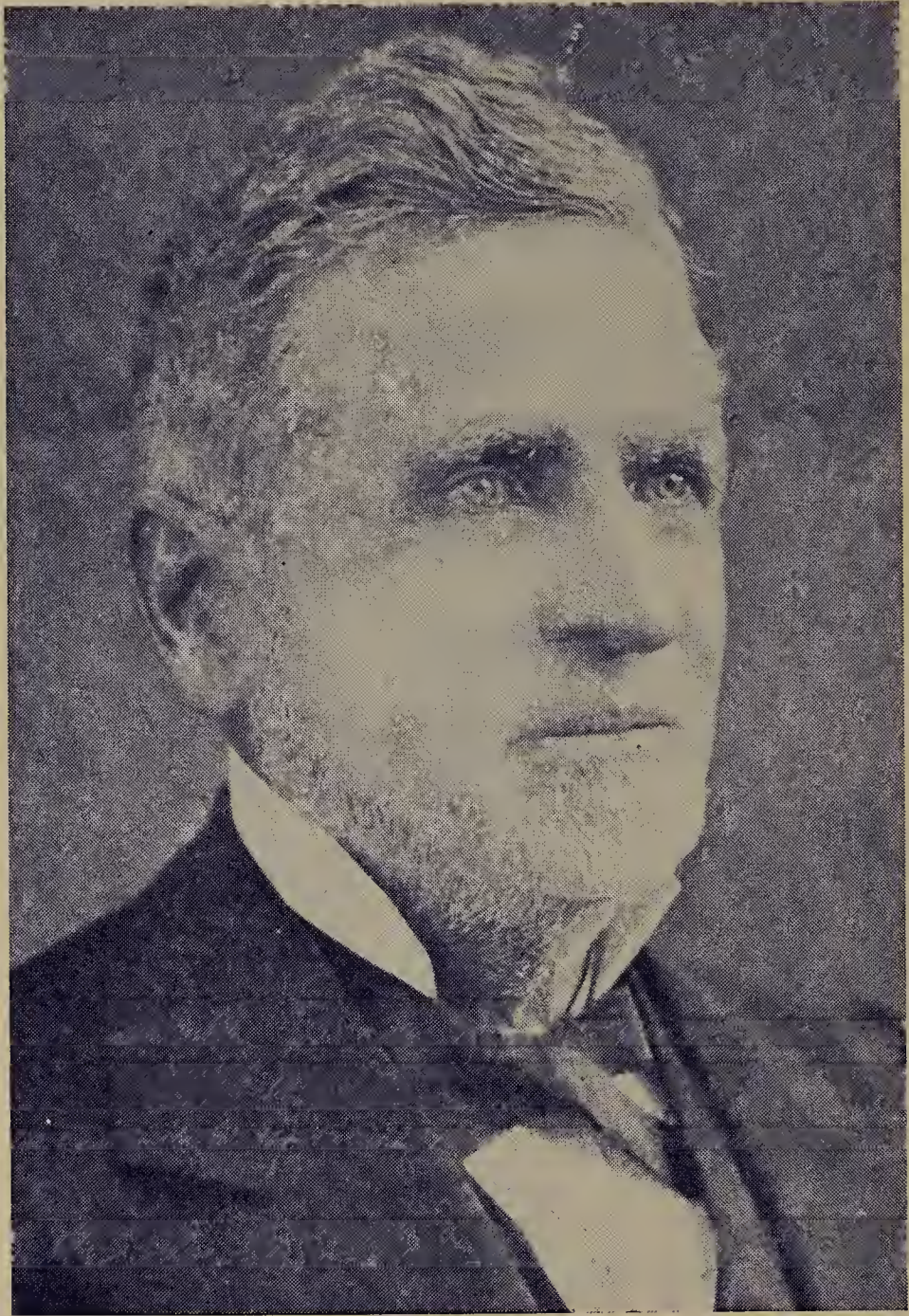
Could anyone have asked more for their children? Then he closes with the expression that shows the love he had in his heart, by saying, "If so, it will be the highest gratification I can experience to have contributed in some manner to that result of their training in the public schools".

The men who tried to detract from Mr. Hackley's gift, by saying he could not have written that letter, are dead, but his words will live on forever in the lives of the boys and girls who have grown to manhood and womanhood since he made his gifts.

May I express the hope that some of them will show how they have been benefited, by writing me a letter, expressing their THANKS to Mr. Hackley, to be kept in the Hackley Library, as their contribution to this truly great man, who did so much for them?

It was because of this petty jealousy that Mr. Hackley asked me not to publish his Biography for at least ten years after his death, but I have waited forty-three years, to let these lies die their natural death.

May I suggest here that Hackley Day be partly spent by each student in the Public Schools, to write a letter before leaving



Levi Truesdell
an Honorable Gentleman
and Friend of C. H. Hackley

that day, stating how they have been helped during the year by Mr. Hackley's Gifts, and have the best one in each room, preserved in the Library to represent their day and generation and show what has been done with Mr. Hackley's gifts to make a BETTER MUSKEGON?

I have not used the space needed to fully mention each of his gifts, because they have been written up and books published as they were given, so they can be read by those interested, but it may be of interest to my readers to learn HOW Mr. Hackley made his wealth, so I give some figures he gave me years ago.

His LARGEST DAY'S PROFIT was in 1872 when he made \$365,000. In seven months he owned half an interest in the business.

Later he carried 60,000,000 feet of lumber on pile at \$1.50 a thousand feet, which was equal to \$90,000.

Profits were slow until 1865 but in 1866 he became owner of the mill and made \$100,000 a year from then on.

The \$7 he brought to Muskegon had increased to \$3,000,000 when he gave me these notes.

He hired Jim McGordon to work for him for \$1 a day and his dinner, but when he died he was worth \$275,000.

He hired Thomas Hume for \$200 a month and left him millions, because of his faithful work and as he once told me, Mr. Hume was responsible for much of the increased wealth, because he was the one who wanted to buy the Southern timber that became very valuable as well as the Western lands.

LOUIS P. HAIGHT

CHAPTER IV

LOOKING BACKWARD

As I look back over fifty years and see some of my notes made long ago, I find some that may be of interest to those who did not know this hard working man, nor understand why he worked so hard.

I once asked him why he did not go fishing or take any recreation and get out of his office. He looked at me in astonishment as if such a thought had never come to him before, then he said, "I could not afford to go fishing. Only this morning a check for \$14,000 came in the first mail and I invested it before eleven o'clock. If I had been fishing, I would have lost the interest on that money, for at least a day, and perhaps several days. I could not afford to go fishing".

He seldom played and when he did relax, it was after working hours, when he was studying on plans for other gifts or when he played with the children in Capt. Seth Lee's home evenings.

He worked hard and saved his money, so he could PASS IT ALONG to you and me, with the hope that we in turn would PASS IT ALONG to others. What are we doing to carry out his wishes?

He had never been to New York or Boston and his only trip from the city was when he went to the Republican Convention at Minneapolis. He seldom left Muskegon.

He read the newspapers and knew what was going on. He read both sides of the NEWS and kept well informed of the problems of the day, but he was a lonely man and had few intimate friends, but was true to those he accepted and never forsook them. This fact was impressed on me one day while in his office, when a man came in and taking off his hat, bowed

low as he said, "Mr. Hackley, I am all out of wood. Can I get a few slabs for my stove?"

Mr. Hackley was sitting in his chair, with his legs crossed but he jumped to his feet and crossed the room as he said "George, did you not shovel sawdust into that old boiler with me years ago? Did you not call me Charlie then? So long as I live I want to be Charlie to you. Never come into this office again and call me MR. Hackley. Go tell Bill to give you all of the wood you can use."

As that man went out, a sad look came over his face as he turned to me and said, "The saddest thing about being rich is, money separates you from your true friends. I think as much of that man as I could of a brother. We worked together when I did not have money and then I was his pal. Today he called me MR. Hackley and I do not like it."

The fact that he was really a religious man at heart, was revealed to me one day when I entered his office and found him burning up some papers which were the last of an estate, for which he had been Executor. He stood before the stove with two little books in his hands, then turned to me and asked, "Will you take these books? I simply cannot burn them up. The man who will live according to the teachings of that book, will pay his bills and never go astray". I took the books. One was an English Prayer Book and the other the NEW TESTAMENT. Here was a man who seldom went to church, but who knew more verses in that book than most boys of today and he highly respected a religious man and hated a hypocrite.

He held his Sunday School every Sunday in his old white Office, where a few of his trusted friends met with him, to make plans for making a better Muskegon and here Mr. A. F. Temple suggested that he give a Manual Training School and Louis Konitz, the Monuments. To these men Muskegon owes much and Mr. Hackley was ever appreciative of their help. Mr. Temple had said so much about the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, which was the first Manual Training School in this country, that Mr. Hackley asked Mrs. Seth Lee to go to Brooklyn and

spend a week studying this work. He knew that I had attended the Adelphi Academy, where Mr. Charles Pratt was President, while he was building the Pratt Institute and asked me to come down and hear what she had to say about it. She was very enthusiastic about a Manual Training School and wanted him to give the Manual Training School, but Miss Susie Wood who had been the Secretary of the Board of Education while he was president for many years, had suggested that he give an Art Gallery and he was undecided as to which he should give. She was the young woman of whom he once told C. C. Billinghurst, "She is the best woman who ever came into my life". She had helped him very much with the Board of Education work and was a very high character, whom he respected and he wanted to give an Art Gallery because she had suggested it, but just then, the Manual Training School seemed important.

After Mrs. Lee had finished telling me about what she had seen in Brooklyn, he turned to me and said, "Haight, which shall I give, the Manual Training School or the Art Gallery?" I saw fire in his eyes and he wanted an honest answer. I waited a moment as I studied the question. The Art Gallery would be very nice, but the Manual would help more boys and girls make a living, so looking him straight in the eye I said, "The Manual Training School."

Jumping out of his chair he began to walk up and down the room, then he said, "All right, you can have the Manual, but I am going to give the Art Gallery also."

The next day as I entered his office, he said, "I am going to Grand Rapids to place \$40,000 in my will for the Art Gallery and I have drawn a check for \$40,000 for the Manual Training School."

All of Mr. Hackley's gifts were not known, as Miss Wood told me. Before there was a Hospital in Muskegon, a teacher coming from the Blufton School to a teacher's meeting at the Hackley School, fell on an icy sidewalk and injured her spine. She was taken to Grand Rapids for care and after a time her savings were exhausted, so the Muskegon teachers gave to a



A Pile of Logs



The largest load of logs ever drawn by two horses.

fund to help care for her. The time came when they did not feel they could do much more and one asked if Mr. Hackley would help.

Miss Wood went to his office and stated the case to him and asked if he wished to give anything.

"How much do you want?" came his reply.

"Anything you wish to give," was her answer.

He wrote out a check for \$500 and giving it to her said, "When you wish more, come to me again".

To this young woman Muskegon owes much. She represented to Mr. Hackley the refined womanhood, like his mother. He respected her judgment and complied with her request that he have the Artist Cartrand come to Muskegon and paint the portrait now in the Library, as I chanced to know.

When he was to go for his first sitting, which was to be at the Occidental Hotel, he told me of it and he did not know what the Great Artist who had painted many prominent and noted men would do with him. On his return from the Hotel he laughed as he told me of the Artist placing him on a bureau and as he sat there with his hands on his kness, a position he had never taken before, the Artist said, "Hold IT! Stay just as you are."

In this portrait we see a new expression not in any of his photographs, when he was having "his picture taken." Here is a man who has grown into the real Hackley he was destined to become. He was the last of a great line of men and women, but not the least. Study those hands. See how the hard work had made them strong but they could write a fine letter or a check to help others, which shows the character that proves GREATNESS.

We are indebted to Mr. James H. Selby for another story of the woods and how Hackley and Hume treated their men.

Cornelius Eyke was their CRUISER and when they wanted to buy timber, he was sent out to find it.

When the new mill was built and they needed logs, Mr.

Eyke spent five years looking for timber and on his judgment they relied and were not mistaken in his work.

After the land had been located and bought, the logging operations were begun and George H. Selby was made Superintendent of the Rolling Stock. Five locomotives were purchased with trains of Russell cars, from 16 to 28 cars to the train. Railroads were laid out and the trees began to fall.

Logs were piled along the lake shore in the Winter, so they could be rolled into the water in the Spring. Great rollways were filled a mile deep. In the Spring, a locomotive on the opposite shore of LONG LAKE, with a cable and hook, would pull out the bottom logs and allow the logs to roll into the water, where they floated until the wind would drive them up the Lake to the BIG BOOM. Here they would be held until the endless chain could pull them out and then they were loaded on the cars and drawn to the Muskegon River, several miles away.

Some idea can be gained of these operations which lasted day and night for 13 years, by a little story which shows the high pitch at which these men had to work, to get out the millions of logs and also how Hackley and Hume trusted their men and gave them a free hand to get results.

Hackley and Hume had the pick of the woods, for skilled men and the skill of these men was wonderful. To us of 1948, it seems impossible that a train of 16 cars with 11 foot bunks could be loaded in 16 minutes, but such was the record held by these men.

Superintendent Selby was the man on the JOB all the time and often he would back a train into the woods for ten miles, to see how the logs were being loaded.

On one of these trips, he found no one working and on inquiring of one of the men why no one was working, he was told that the men refused to work because it was snowing hard. They were in the caboose. Without saying a word to the men, he ordered the engineer to switch out the caboose and to take the men in it to the headquarters to be paid off and then went to Harrison and hired a new crew that night and had them on the

job by the next morning. The old men were paid off and discharged.

The supply of logs had to be gotten out and Mr. Selby was the man who could get them out, but it was years before he ever saw Mr. Hackley or Mr. Hume, as he never went into that camp, to see what was being done. Mr. Hackley trusted his men and gave them all they wanted to do with, but did not hamper them with "red tape".

Every year Mr. Selby was given one month's vacation with FULL PAY and on one of these trips he came to Muskegon and called on Mr. Hackley. It was not know what was said at that interview, but George Selby was everafter a staunch admirer of Charles H. Hackley and worked for him for 13 years or until the cut was over.

This story was interesting, because I was told by one man that I could not get any of the OLD TIMERS here to say a GOOD WORD for Charlie Hackley, because he paid the lowest wages on the lake and was hard on his men.

This man had never worked for Mr. Hackley, but he said he knew others who had. It was from such men we get the stories of the wonderful clock that was fifteen minutes fast in the morning and 15 minutes slow at night, so the men were cheated half an hour each day.

A man who worked in front of that clock for twenty years and had a good watch in his pocket, told me that he never worked one minute over time during those twenty years. It was true that the whistle did blow 15 minutes early for steam to warm up the cylinders and the men did go to work early, but they shut down for 15 minutes at 9 o'clock to change saws and eat a lunch and again in the afternoon, but they did not work a minute that they were not paid for.

The foreman of the boom told me that there were times when a log belonging to some other mill, would get in with a lot of logs in such a way that they could not get it out and it had be sawed, but each day the Inspector for all of the mills, looked over the lumber and gave the owner credit for the logs cut by

other mills, so the stealing we hear so much about, was not confined to Hackley and Hume nor was it as bad as some say.

It is a fact that men like Cornelius Eyke and George Selby did work for Hackley and Hume for many years and knew the conditions. These men told me that they liked to work for this firm and the fact that Mr. Hackley could get all of the men he needed, would indicate that he was as one man said, "A JUST and CONSIDERATE EMPLOYER."

A STUDY IN HANDWRITING

If you can judge character by handwriting, you will see by this letter, a man who was exact in his thoughts and business. He had a clear head and a sound body and thought out what he intended to do far in advance. He was punctual and would not attend a meeting, if he would be late and keep others waiting. He was honest. He never ate food after his evening meal to clog up his mind, but was always on the dock to see the mill start sawing lumber, in the morning. He counted every hour and made it pay. He lived for others rather than for himself.

CHARLES M. HACKLEY.

THOMAS HUME.

HACKLEY & HUME,
Pine Lands & Lumber.
MUSKEGON, MICH.

April 19th. 1900.

Hon. Frank Alberts,
Mayor,
City.

Dear Sir:

I herewith enclose a check for Ten Thousand Dollars payable to the order of the City Treasurer, which sum I give to the City of Muskegon, in trust, to be held, invested or used by said City as the Council may see fit, upon the understanding and condition that the income of said sum shall be applied annually so far as may be necessary or appropriate to the maintenance and care of Hackley Park; said gift, if favorably considered by the Council, to be accepted in accordance with the provisions of Section 29, Title VIII of the Charter of said City.

Very respectfully,

Charles M. Hackley.

CHAPTER V

CHARLES H. HACKLEY'S KENOSHA HOME

Charles was five years old when his parents moved to Kenosha so all the schooling he had was there.

His father, Joseph Hackley, was a firm believer in education and took part in the determined stand made for a free school, of which we are told by Mr. E. R. Head who published the Telegraph-Courier when he wrote me the following letter in which he states:

"Your letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock Head, my mother, asking for incidents regarding Charles H. Hackley: She has been talking with a number of their mutual lady friends and while they all agree that 'you can't say anything too good of Charlie Hackley as a boy' yet they fail to remember any single incident in which Charles figured prominently. They remember him in school as one of Prof. J. G. McMynn's best boys and he and James O'Neill were great chums and spent most of their nights for sometime, together at one or the other's home."

Jerome White still lives in Kenosha and was another of his early comrades. I expect to see Mr. White today and will find out something.

I ran across a little incident in connection with Mr. Hackley's visit to Kenosha some ten or twelve years ago.

At the hotel Mr. Hackley visited while here, the clerk was the same Mr. White above-mentioned. Now, Mr. White is an old soldier and had seen hard luck and at the time mentioned was 'on his uppers'. They visited together and talked over old times and before Mr. Hackley left, he asked for a pen and ink, saying he wanted to write a letter. Mr. White got the pen for him and when it was returned, there was a check for \$100 in favor of Mr. White with it."

A few days later Mr. Head sent me a photograph of the First Free High School in that part of the country, with its interesting history.

When this was built there was a strong feeling against using the people's money for free schools. Kenosha public men were leaders in the fight for the free school law in the state and Kenosha built the first school with money collected by taxes under the (then) NEW STATE LAW. Scholars came from all over the state, although it was a city school.

Charles Hackley started school when six years old by attending a private school on Pearl Street and later finished his education in the Old Kenosha High School. He was considered a good scholar but was always one of the foremost for sport, dances, etc.

One act stands out prominently in which he was connected. The school boys decided they were tired of hearing the old school bell ring, so one January night, when the thermometer was down below zero, a committee of them climbed the old bell tower on the school house, turned the bell upside down and filled it with water. Needless to say that it did not ring in the morning.

(When this letter was read to Mr. Hackley, he laughed at the remembrance of that night).

Although full of fun, he was not afraid of work and during one Summer vacation he drove a team for his father, who was building a plank road. Another Summer he drove a team and helped grade the railroad running to Rock Island.

About the same time I wrote Mr. Head, at Mr. Hackley's suggestion, I wrote to his old teacher, whom he loved as did all who knew him and it has been said that Charles never went to Kenosha without going to the school exercises on Friday afternoon.

The influence which Colonel J. G. McMynn had over his students was manifested in their love for study after they left school, for he taught them how to learn rather than the mere facts.

On April 15, 1900, Col. McMynn wrote me (look up letter)



Joseph Hackley's home in Kenosha, where Charles lived for 15 years before leaving for Muskegon, Mich.

and on April 18, I replied saying that it had given me much pleasure to present his regards to his old pupil Charles and I hoped to be in Kenosha during the next Reunion, to tell him about this scholar who has succeeded in life and is helping many another on the same road.

While he did not take advantage of all you did for him, he has given to the children of this city the finest Library in this State at a cost of \$125,000. He has given the Soldiers and Sailors and all true men and women who strove to maintain the Union, a beautiful Monument at a cost of \$35,000 and a Park that cost \$40,000; A Manual Training School and just lately the statues of Lincoln, Sherman, Grant and Farrigut.

I know of few men who are devoting their time and money for the upbuilding of their fellow beings more than Charles H. Hackley. His retiring disposition makes it very difficult to gain many of the interesting parts of his life, as he has made it a practice to forget as far as possible, a kindness that has been done.

Mr. Hackley doubted that Col. McMynn would remember him, after so many years, but the old school teacher had kept track of this boy and would have liked to meet him at the June reunion, but before that occurred, the papers announced his death.

John Gibson McMynn had worked his way ever since his father died, leaving this boy of eight years on his own resources, yet he worked as a farm hand and as a school teacher to earn the money to carry him through Williams College and was graduated in 1848.

After leaving college he taught school for five years at Kenosha to pay off his college debts and it was during this time that Charles received life long impressions from a man whose use of language was almost faultless: Was truly religious and just in all of his dealings with his students.

Williams College produced Henry Ward Beecher and many another man at this time, who spoke in clear and beautiful English and those who wondered at Charles H. Hackley's clear and

beautiful expressions, when he presented to the Muskegon Board of Education, his first gift, the Hackley Library, may well remember the training he had had from a long line of cultured men and women and this teacher who by hard work and honesty had earned his own education and was instilling into his students the great principals of life.

CHAPTER VI

April 2, 1934.

Mr. Emil Budnic, who died at Merrill Ave., Muskegon, 1927, age about 70, had a Bible in which the following records were made in Charles H. Hackley's hand writing.

CHARLES HENRY HACKLEY

Born January 3, 1837 at
Michigan City, Ind.

Julia Ester Moore

Born September 4, 1838 at
Hume, New York

Charles H. Hackley married to
Julia E. Moore Oct. 3, 1864,
at Centerville, New York by
the Rev. I. K. Toney.

The Bible was published in 1860.

It contained a lock of brown hair, some poems and lines underscored.

Ps. LI. V, 3 My sin is ever before me.

V. 7. Wash me.

V. 9. Hide thy face from my sins.

V. 13. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Ps. LIV—V. 22. Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee.

Ps. LVI—V. 4. In God I have put my trust; V. 12. Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

Prov. XVI—V. 32. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city. V. 28. A whisperer separateth friends.

CHAPTER VII

CHARLES H. HACKLEY AS SEEN BY HIS FRIENDS

What difference would it have made to you if Charles H. Hackley had not been born?

This question was asked of several who have lived in Muskegon and have seen the results of Mr. Hackley's gifts.

THE SHAW-WALKER CO.

Muskegon, Michigan

September 28, 1948.

Dear Mr. Haight:

I hope you publish your biography of Mr. Hackley.

If it had not been for his foresight and generosity, I think the chances are that Muskegon today would be just a way station on the Pere Marquette.

Very truly yours,

L. C. Walker.

The following letter written to Dr. John Vanderlaan explains my desire to get a number of letters from those who knew him best, while they were with us, that you who might come after, in another generation, could see this man through their eyes. These letters tell their own stories.

L.P.H.

January 11, 1933.

Dr. John Vanderlaan

1224 Terrace St.

Muskegon, Michigan.

Dear Dr. Vanderlaan:

I am working on Mr. Charles H. Hackley's biography. I am asking some of the men who were associated with him, as you were, to write a chapter, stating the value of his life to Muskegon, as they see it at this day, or what it may be in the years to come.

I am trying to get the personal side of his life, as it can be

stated by those who knew him well and are willing to record some of the little things that reveal his aims and desires for this city. How he helped, when no one knew it. The history of his gifts and why he gave them.

You must have many recollections that would be very valuable to the coming generations and I trust that you will be willing to write a chapter in this book, that will state the facts as you know them.

It was Mr. Hackley's desire that there should be no "White-washing" and that this book should not be published until some of the results of his labors, as represented in his gifts, might be manifest.

Will you join me in paying a tribute to the man who did so much for Muskegon and yet of whom so little is known?

Sincerely yours,
Louis P. Haight.

THE MR. CHARLES H. HACKLEY
I LEARNT TO KNOW
By Dr. John Vanderlaan

December, 1933.

When, in 1893, I was elected a member of the Board of Education of which body Mr. Hackley was president I naturally shared the opinion as to Mr. Hackley, as in sundry occasions I had heard in the homes of the city or more openly as rumored in the streets.

During my twelve years of association with Mr. Hackley this opinion underwent great modifications which were quite largely arrived at from personal observations. The opinion I thus arrived at and my estimate of the man I wish to state thus: He was a man of few words but of prompt action once his opinion had been formed. As an officer of the Board he was always promptly on time. He was adverse to wrangling, and himself did not engage in it. I remember only **one** solitary instance that I personally disagreed with him as a presiding officer. I cannot now recall the question on which he, as presiding officer, had to give a ruling, but such as it was, I decidedly disagreed with him, and appealed from his decision. This caused some confusion in his mind not knowing, I believe, what next to do, and therefore asked Mr. F. A. Nims for information. Of course he was told to put the question to the members: Shall the chair be sustained in its ruling? This question received the Ayes of all members except my No vote. At this distance it looks to me now that for a novice as

I was at that time it would have been more proper for me to pass it over. Judging human nature as it is I had reason to expect some retaliatory action towards me by Mr. Hackley but in all my subsequent dealings with him I could never find any act on his part that could be reasonably interpreted as showing any disposition on his part of an unfriendly nature. I am furthermore assured of this by the fact that when he announced the offer to donate a hospital I was appointed as a member of a committee to select a site for such building and later when the building was in process of erection I was selected as chairman of the equipment committee. It thus became very definitely settled in my mind that Mr. Hackley harbored nothing of a vindictive nature towards me.

That is the only occasion that I can remember questioning his decision. For the rest of the meetings they were always congenial. Mr. Hackley's gifts to the citizens of this community though benefitting all the different classes, every taxpayer even those that had no children to enjoy the benefits of our public schools to which Mr. Hackley was particularly partial in the distribution of his many donations, there yet is one other class as it appears to me who were specially benefitted by his gifts. I refer to the medical profession. I practiced medicine for about 20 years before we had any hospital facilities and I know from experience what it meant when an operation had to be performed.

If an operation had to be done the attending physician in the prehospital days had to attend personally to the following details: On the day before the operation he would send to the home of the patient his operating table, leaving perhaps instruction on how to cover same with blankets and sheets for the greater comfort of the patient. Then assuming the operation was to take place at ten the next morning he would probably direct that on the following morning two wash boilers filled with plain clean water are to be thoroughly boiled on the stove. In one of the boilers are put all the sheets and towels that the family can spare, and these are boiled a half hour before the operation. Then the boilers are removed to the back of the stove, and under no circumstances are any of the sheets or towels touched, and these are left severely alone till the doctor comes and takes charge. Boiling water being the only desirable means of sterilizing the dressings which, when used are still wet, and therefore undesirable for the one to undergo an operation especially when it is a long and tedious one or one in part of the body more particularly subject to shock, the wet dressings chilling the body and adding its depression to the shock from the operation.

Contrast this with the hospital management of these cases. Where now with modern hospital facilities an operation is needed the doctor sends the patient to the hospital, gives his instructions for the preparation of the patient, has such tests made as he prefers to have made, urinalysis, blood count, blood pressure, and condition of the heart, etc. Next day when the time for the operation arrives the patient is prepared and may be on the operating table when the doctor arrives, he thus has only to scrub up and proceed. Again during the operation besides having his assistant he has the help of skillful helping one or two nurses, and knows that the dressings are thoroughly steril and come to him in the most approved condition. After a few days the doctor usually removes the first dressings himself, but after that either the house physician or the surgical nurse are entrusted with it provided the general progress of the case is satisfactory.

What has been stated in respect of surgical cases applies with equal force to the obstetric case. The doctor, who has access to a well equipped modern hospital with its trained attendants is relieved of thirty per cent of routine work and can save at least twenty-five per cent time.

I repeat that Mr. Hackley's gifts to Muskegon have benefitted every citizen and are still continuing to benefit them, but the lions share of these benefits have accrued to the medical profession, which fact I am very willing to acknowledge with many thanks.

John Vanderlaan.

Dr. Vanderlaan was elected to defeat F. A. Nims, who was said to be running everything and the case he refers to was in regard to the Manual Training School, Director Chapin.

Mr. Chapin was a good Congregationalist and William Carpenter and others circulated a petition to retain Mr. Chapin, who was not recommended by Superintendent McKenzie, but was recommended by the Committee of which Dr. Vanderlaan was a member.

When the committee's report was presented to the Board for action, Mr. Hackley declined to vote for it, with Mr. Chapin's name in it.

The vote was 3 Yes - 3 No.

Then the motion was amended by striking out Mr. Chapin's name, but Dr. Vanderlaan voted NO! as he states. The other five voting YES.

This caused trouble because Mr. Hackley was loyal to Mr. Mc

Kenzie, while Dr. Vanderlaan and Mr. Nims opposed him.

This produced a fight between Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Nims. The Chronicle and others also criticised Mr. Hackley because he was loyal to Mr. McKenzie. Mr. Hackley sent in his resignation to the Board of Education, but it was never made public.

Mr. Nims and others went to Mr. Hackley and asked him to withdraw his resignation and offered to do anything he wanted done.

Mr. Hackley asked Julia Wood, who was Librarian of the Library, to come over to the Board of Education office, so he could tell Julia and Susie Wood why he had reconsidered his resignation.

Susie said to Mr. Hackley, "You know these conditions mean Mr. McKenzie's head?"

Mr. McKenzie left town at once and Mr. Hackley returned to the Board.

(Notes dictated by Miss Susie Wood at Shelby, July 25th, 1935).

SMITH, NIMS, HOYT & ERWIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Muskegon, Michigan.

November 11, 1902.

Mr. Louis P. Haight,
City.

Dear Sir:

You have asked me to state what in my judgment were the controlling ideas that influenced Mr. Hackley in founding and creating the Hackley Public Library.

It is probable that a combination of motives actuated him in establishing that great public benefaction. I am able to recall some of the reasons which he expressed to me in the early stages of that enterprise. He felt that the great wealth which had come to him, far in excess of his needs, was in a large degree a trust fund to be administered for the benefit of society, especially of the community in which that wealth had been acquired. He spoke of the common fact that men of great wealth left the distribution of their fortunes, however destined, to the judgment and authority of trustees and executors, and of how often their benevolent purposes had been frustrated by litigation and contests initiated by disappointed relatives. He spoke of some instances within his knowledge where the disposition of property by will had wholly ignored what seemed to be a duty of testators to the communities in which they had lived to make some provision for the welfare or better-

ment of those communities, and said that he did not want his death to be the occasion for such criticism.

Mr. Hackley loves Muskegon as he does no other place on earth. And for these many years his best thought and his highest ambition have been to make this City a place of beauty, and one providing the best educational facilities for its children and people. And beyond that he has constantly sought to promote its business importance. I presume he has done as much in the way of upholding and developing its business interests as he has in the way of public benefactions.

The time has not yet come when all that Muskegon owes to Charles H. Hackley can be spoken of in fitting terms. I have, however, briefly indicated some of the governing motives of his life of beneficent doing, as I feel that I know whereof I speak in that regard.

Very truly yours,

F. A. Nims.

With this note there was a note written in leadpencil saying:
My dear Mr. Haight —

Here's your "estimate" —

I thought best to condense it and leave out all gush.

Hope it will meet your views.

Faithfully,

F.A.N.

Dec. 20, '07.

There were many men who knew Mr. Hackley very well, who might have told of his kind deeds, but who procrastinated until too late.

Muskegon, Mich., Feb. 15, 1905.

After Mr. Hackley's death.

Mr. F. A. Nims,
c/o Hotel West Minister,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Our mutual friend, Mr. Charles H. Hackley gave into my hands the preparation of his biography. For the last six years I have been working on it and have gathered a large amount of material and fully appreciate how great the task of rightly portraying his character at this time.

I shall endeavor to do the work to the best of my ability and at my own expense, but I most cordially invite your co-operation. You have known him longer than I and can tell some things which will be very interesting to the coming generations who shall read of his generous gifts.

You were particularly associated with him in his first gift, the Hackley Library, and a little sketch of your association with him at that time would be very valuable.

I believe that you are equally interested with me in having this work accurate in details, and therefore may I ask that you give me such a sketch which may contain some anecdotes which will illustrate his character and at the same time, tell how **you knew him best.**

Trusting that I may receive your early reply, I am,

Very truly yours,
Louis P. Haight.

NIMS, HOYT, ERWIN & VANDERWERP
Muskegon, Michigan.

December 20, 1907.

Mr. L. P. Haight,
City.

My Dear Mr. Haight:

You ask me to give an estimate of our old friend, Charles H. Hackley, as formed through the years of my acquaintance with him. I gladly do so, though such an effort must be necessarily inadequate, and must be unsatisfactory to myself. The finer points of his character as developed through years of acquaintance cannot be reproduced by description.

Like each of us Mr. Hackley, as we knew him, was a product of his environment. He was born and grew up in a rural community where educational advantages were limited. His father was not then a man of wealth, and he toiled as other country boys did, attended the district school winters, receiving a rudimentary training. He came to Muskegon while still a boy, and grew up in association with the somewhat free life of the practical lumberman.

It was during his early manhood that the great civil war broke out, and his sympathies and acts were those of the loyal, uncompromising, unflinching upholder of the flag and the national government. He was ever the friend of the "boys in blue," and was unwearied in his desire to give, at all times, fitting expression of his appreciation of their services to the country.

Physical infirmity prevented his traveling or going about much. From lack of early opportunity he was disinclined to participate in social affairs, and so he lead a retired life. He became very much attached to this City as his home, and as he recognized that the possession of great wealth entailed responsibility for its proper use, he determined that the City where that wealth had been acquired, and the community of which he had been a prominent member, should be his beneficiaries.

What he has done for our City everyone knows. Of the numberless kindly acts in behalf of individuals and business concerns located in our City that have been saved by him from financial distress and ruin, of his many private charities, few know, and the world will never know.

What he did in a public way was not the result of impulse or suggestion. He gave careful and painstaking thought and investigation to his various benefactions before their announcement. He was a retiring, kindly, patriotic citizen, deeply concerned in everything that contributed to the welfare of the community.

I trust that sometime we shall express, in permanent form, our appreciation as a community of Mr. Hackley's continuing generosity.

Faithfully yours,

F. A. Nims.

F.A.N.-B.

Muskegon, Dec. 23, 1911.

My dear Mr. Haight:

In your letter of recent date requesting me to write an article for the "Sand Farmer" concerning Mr. Hackley's gifts to this city you are somewhat vague, and I don't just understand what you want. Would you want me to compare conditions as they were when I first came here to our present status as a city, largely the result of Mr. Hackley's beneficence? Is the article you want me to write to be the first of a series? How long would you want it to be? Am I at liberty to mention his various gifts, or must I confine myself to the two you mention, the Children's Home and the city poor, tho I think both those charities are more indebted to Mrs. Hackley than to him. In other words, do I have a free hand, or do you wish me to confine myself within certain limits?

Before I give you any answer as to whether I would undertake

the work, I want to know more of just what you expect me to cover.

Very truly yours,
(Mrs. W. S.) Alice M. Wood.

The following letter written by Mrs. Will Wood in 1911 will become of more and more interest as the years go by and more light is shed on the way Mr. Hackley's gifts were given. Her daughter's letter written after the Hackley Day Exercises in 1943 is of special interest to us, as we learn the personal side of Muskegon's benefactor.

Editor.

MRS. WILL WOOD'S LETTER

"Should Muskegon ever become the metropolis of Western Michigan, its inhabitants will have to thank more than any other factor in the city's growth, the public charities and utilities with which its greatest benefactor, the late Charles H. Hackley, has endowed it.

Most owners of colossal fortunes, the basis of which were laid in Muskegon, left our town as soon as these fortunes were secured, doing nothing for the place that saw the rise of their wealth. Not so with Mr. Hackley. His heart's best wishes lay with the city that saw the rise of his wealth, and the last years of his life were spent in securing and promoting its future growth and material prosperity.

One may well be amazed at the wonderful forethought which planned and carried out his many benefactions, all of which were so well conceived and executed. His advisers in the early consideration of his gifts; the men with whom he conferred in the first inception of his numerous donations to our city, were the late Frederick A. Nims and Ansel F. Temple. The latter has told the writer personally of many Sunday mornings spent in the Hackley and Hume office when Mr. Hackley's thoughts for the welfare of his beloved city first began to take shape.

Mr. Hackley's first gift to the city, the Library, was in all probability decided upon after conferences with Mr. Nims; the Manual Training School was Mr. Temple's suggestion. Mr. Hackley may have had and probably did have other advisors in contemplation of his various benefactions, but the wisdom of his selections of the avenues which his benefactions should take has been even now amply proved, and succeeding years in the life

of our city will but add testimony to the foresight which planned the forms which that benevolence should assume.

A Grand Rapids man once said to the writer of this article, that, had Mr. Hackley's gifts to Muskegon come fifteen years earlier, that he had no doubt that Muskegon would have been the great furniture city, instead of Grand Rapids. But at that early day, the fortune which permitted the various benefactions had not yet taken definite shape, but at this time it may well be doubted if the present prosperity which has materialized in our city would not have sought other locations had not this town been so permanently blessed in being the recipient of so many fine public buildings. The first thought of the father of a growing family when he contemplates changing to another place of residence is — "Will the new home be a suitable place in which to bring up my children?" Is the town healthfully located? Is the water pure? Are the schools first class? Are there libraries and other public buildings? What opportunities for growth mentally and physically does the town offer?"

If Muskegon is able to make satisfactory replies to these questions, to whom are her principal thanks due? To this query there is but one reply, and that would be unanimous — to Mr. Hackley.

To the new comer in Muskegon, and there are many such of late, our city square and beautiful public buildings donated by our chief benefactor speak for themselves. Many of them are not aware of the delightful grounds at Lake Harbor, now alas! fallen into dispair, but known twenty-five years ago as the Hackley Assembly Grounds.

As least twenty-five thousand dollars were expended by Mr. Hackley in this direction. His intention was to make those beautiful hills and intervalles into a breathing spot for not only the people of our city, but for any who should come there to seek rest amid health-giving surroundings. Our geologies inform us that only two places in the world, are to be found sand dunes covered with beautiful vegetation, and the eastern shore of Lake Michigan is one of these favored spots. Twenty-three years ago, shady walks connected by bridges over hollows were to be found all through this beautiful spot. Picturesque and commodious buildings were dotted through the groves; camp fires twinkled among the trees, and songs of praise were heard ascending to the evening sky. If Mr. Hackley's efforts to make this beautiful spot a breathing place for people of the state had been seconded as they should have been, or, possibly, if we had had at that time an up-to-date Chamber of Commerce, a permanent summer colony

of picturesque cottages might now adorn this location for which Nature has done so much, but is now so little known or loved except by a few whose happiest days of childhood and youth have been passed amid its delightful surroundings.

It may surprise newcomers to Muskegon to learn that another of Mr. Hackley's gifts to the city was not only declined but so vehemently repudiated that, after remaining open for two years or more, the offer was withdrawn, to what many would agree, was the permanent loss of the city. One morning the papers announced that the city Santa Claus, as many of us had learned to regard him, offered the sum of Eight Thousand dollars for the purchase of a fountain, the same to be placed in the center of Webster Avenue between the Hackley School and Hackley Square. Various owners of the property whose travels had never taken them to other cities in which fountains similarly placed benefitted the property for blocks around, raising its value in solid dollars and cents, feared that the closing of that block to heavy travel would interfere with their convenience, and hurt the selling importance of their holdings in the neighborhood, some of these parties circulated a petition stating that the residents of Webster Avenue refused to accept the donation, which was after a time withdrawn. What a beauty spot in the center of our city would have resulted had Mr. Hackley's plan been carried out! It would have made our park practically consist of two blocks instead of one, as it is now. The writer never recalls that petition to the city council without a blush of shame for the men who signed it.

It is not given to everyone to see the fruits of his labors and be satisfied. Some of Mr. Hackley's plans for the benefit of the city of his affection took visible shape during his lifetime; some of them did not become realities until after his death. It is to be regretted that he passed away before seeing the prosperity which has come to his city, for which prosperity his wise benefactions laid so firm a foundation. We who are alive can enjoy the fruit of his generosity, rejoicing over the fact that our children and after them, our children's children will rise up and call the name of Hackley blessed.

In Milwaukee the writer has visited beautiful private picture galleries, for the entertainment of the owner and a few chosen friends, the contents of which were paid for from the proceeds of Michigan lumber. In Chicago are statues in the parks and curios in the museums purchased in a similar manner. Only two of the men whose colossal fortunes were made in Muskegon have thought it worth while to remember the town in any way. When these

facts are recalled, it is to make the flames of gratitude in our hearts burn with yet brighter radiance.

Alice M. Wood.

154 Washington Avenue,
Muskegon, Michigan,
Hackley Day, 1943.

My Dear Mr. Haight:

Well done! Thank you for the best talk we have ever had on Hackley Day. But if there are teachers who think the day is a bore, as you said, they don't number me or my friends! We are too deeply grateful for the beauty and the usefulness and the daily value of the gifts.

My mother was playing whist at Mrs. Nims' house the evening that Mr. Nims came back from the School Board meeting, almost too excited to speak. He told the people that if they'd stay till after midnight, he'd tell them the most wonderful piece of news they had ever heard. But he had promised not to tell a word till the next day, which he said, was after twelve, and they could not make him speak about it till then! But at one minute after midnight he burst and told about the gift of the Library. And I think that was the meeting at which the Board had voted a yearly holiday as commemoration for that gift.

The attention and interest of the usually restless High School pupils today, was a tribute to your most interesting speech.

Very sincerely yours,

M. Berry Wood.

NOTE:

It is letters like this one that give us the personal side of Mr. Hackley's gifts.

Mr. Nims had been very influential in helping Mr. Hackley act as his own Executor and had seen the Reading Room, that Mr. Hackley intended to place in his will, at a cost of \$1,000, grow into the \$100,000 plans that were to represent the Library. He kept his word and did not mention a word, until the "next day" but the joy in his heart is expressed by Miss Wood's letter.

Louis P. Haight.

May 26th, 1943.

Miss M. Berry Wood
154 Washington Avenue
Muskegon, Mich.

Dear Miss Wood:

Your letter of the 25th is more than appreciated, for I have a letter from your Mother telling of what she knew of Mr. Hackley, that shows him as seen by two generations and I shall prize them both very highly.

There was so much that I would have liked to tell the students that my allotted 25 minutes seemed very short, but if Hackley Day has been a "headache", as I was told, why not make it the BEST DAY IN THE YEAR, by taking inventory of what we have done with Mr. Hackley's Gifts, to see if we have made the best use of them and how our lives are better than his?

Would you ask your students to write me a letter, stating what Mr. Hackley has done for them?

On the first Hackley Day, one of the teachers asked her students to write Mr. Hackley a letter of thanks and he kept those letters in his desk, and often read them. One he read to me, in which a boy said: "I do not know why you are giving away so much of your money but I think you are a darned fool, for no one will ever thank you for it". Mr. Hackley would laugh as he read that letter and I wish that I knew that boy's name and what he thinks today. If any of your students are his grandchildren, will they give me his name?

Many thanks for your letter, for such help to keep faith in mankind alive.

Sincerely yours,
Louis P. Haight.

WHY MR. HACKLEY GAVE THE MONUMENT

The following story came to me partly from Mr. Hackley and perhaps from other sources, which I do not recall after many years, but I give it for what it may be in interest.

Mr. Hackley was not a soldier and did not go to war, but he did appreciate what had been done by those who were trying to build a monument to their fallen comrades.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kanitz had been very active in the G.A.R. Chapter and as I recall it, Mr. Kanitz said to his wife, why do you not ask Charlie Hackley to give you something for the monument?

She replied that he was not a soldier and she did not believe he would give anything.

Mr. Kanitz insisted that she ask and one day she went to Mr. Hackley's office and asked if he would help in raising the fund. He asked her how much others had given and asked her to show him the subscription book, which he looked over and then said. "How much do you think I should give?" Mrs. Kanitz replied that she did not know. Some had given \$1 - \$2 or even \$5.

Would you think One Hundred Dollars would be about right for me? Asked Mr. Hackley, with his quiet smile.

Oh! I would not ask for so much as that, replied Mrs. Kanitz but anything you wish to give would be truly acceptable.

Leave this book with me for a few days and I will think it over, then send it to you with my check, said Mr. Hackley.

On Christmas morning, Taylor, who was man of all work in the Hackley household, was given an envelope to deliver to Mrs. Kanitz and when she opened it she found a check for \$10,000 and a request to build the monument for the Phil Kearny Post, No. 7, Grand Army of the Republic, of the city of Muskegon.

Jan. 5, 1934.

Mrs. B. D. King, 152 West Forest Avenue said her father, Mr. H. D. Baker, came to Muskegon from Grand Rapids in 1863 to look over Muskegon as a place for business.

A Mr. Snider who had a store near the alley on Western Avenue between Pine and Terrace street offered to rent him half of his store and here Mr. Baker began business by placing planks on saw horses and covering these tables with paper. This location was considered at that time very far uptown. In six months he built a new store by the side of (at 3 Western Ave.) the alley by Pine and Terrace street on Western Avenue, where he did business for many years. After Lt. Governor H. H. Holt died, his private library was purchased by Mr. Baker who rented the books for three cents a week because he felt there was need for it and thus opened the first library in Muskegon.

Mr. C. H. Hackley often came into the store and these books may have helped keep the promise he had made himself, to give Muskegon a reading room, ever in his mind.

To Mr. H. D. Baker must be given the credit of establishing the first circulating library in Muskegon.

Three years later he built at 3 Western Avenue where he did business until 1872 when the building at the corner of Terrace and Western Avenue (1 Western Ave.) occupied by Donehue and Rierdon burned and the heat was so great that it caused

Mr. Baker's brick wall to fall in, causing a complete loss. As soon as the loss was known every firm he had ever done business with wired him to draw on them for unlimited amounts.

One large wall paper firm in Chicago sent an insurance adjuster at their own expense to help him adjust his insurance. In 1872 he rebuilt his store with material which he had on hand for his residence and in the following years built his new home at Terrace and Peck St.

Mr. Baker was responsible for interesting Mr. Hackley in giving the Phil Carney statue now standing at the junction of Peck and Terrace.

Ruby Edwards Father owned the land and someone wanted to build a barn on it. Mr. Baker spoke to Mr. Hackley about helping the Phil Carney Post as he was a civil war veteran and active in the Post.

Mrs. King has a picture of Indian Bill which she will let me copy and then give to the library.
Jan. 3, 1934.

Mrs. N. B. Lawson loaned me some photos taken in 1883 of Muskegon and said she attended the Red Ribbon Meetings here and thought she was present when C. H. Hackley walked up in front and signed the pledge.

A Mr. R. S. Thompson, a reformed drunkard, came here and organized the Red Ribbon movement for the men and the White Ribbon for the women and many signed the pledge at that time.

To provide a place for the meetings and carrying on the work, the old Opera House was built in 1878.

Mr. Pat Connell was very active in the work and kept the pledge.

Mr. Fred Reynolds was business manager and would go to the business men of the city and say that he could get the best of talent (such as the Elder Booth, Majeska, and Maggie Mitchell) if he had a guarantee fund, which was subscribed at \$2 a ticket and C. H. and all of the lumbermen helped to provide entertainments here.

She thought the Great Pine street Fire was in 1873.

She mentioned Mrs. Frank Wood as knowing about it.

Mrs. Frank Wood said when I called her that the Red Ribbon Meetings were held in the old Central School building and that she was in the chorus on the platform when C. H., Mr. Wintermute and many other hard drinkers signed the pledge.

Then all men drank and once when Jim McGordon and Porter Hackley were drunk, they got into a fight and Porter cut

Jim's mouth badly. He said that now Jim could drink his whiskey and eat his dinner at the same time.

THE MEMORIAL DRIVE AND AVENUE OF PINES

To honor the men and women who did so much to make Muskegon what it is today, L. P. Haight deeded to the City of Muskegon, a strip of land along the South bank of the Muskegon River, from the Causeway to Getty street on the condition that it should be used for a highway and he should have the right to plant an AVENUE of PINES on it, which should be named for these men and women. There were many who wanted to donate a pine for someone, but the city did not take any action and after two years Mr. Haight asked that the deed be returned, so there is no Avenue of Pine today, but the following letters mention it.

George McCullum was born in Muskegon Dec. 23, 1861 and remembers many of the things that happened here during the days when C. H. Hackley was making his money and Muskegon was the Lumber Queen of the World.

He stated that George and John Ruddiman built the first saw-mill and a pine should be named for each of them, in the Memorial Drive. That Mrs. Charles Eggart Moore is the great granddaughter of Mr. Ruddiman and can tell about them.

That L. G. Mason was the means of bringing the first railroad to Muskegon and should have a pine named for him. He was ahead of his times, but did much for this city.

Joseph Hackley used to carry most of his business in his hat. He was quiet and thoughtful as was Levi Truesdell with whom he was associated in business and both were good men. They should have trees named for them.

Charles H. Hackley was a great friend to me, said Mr. McCullum. He offered to set me up in business several times, as did William Brinen another good man who was always kind and helped many a man. They should have trees named for them.

Chauncey Davis was Muskegon's first Mayor and was beloved by all. He lived on Market street, corner of Terrace and was a friend to all men. He should have a tree on the Avenue of Pines.

Mr. McCullum remembers the old Pine that stood on Clay Avenue about where Wm. Brinen's house is now.

The First Water Works were at 8th St. and Houston and Hugart Sts. They were laid out by John Smalley's father, John was a surveyor here and made a city map and both should be remembered by a pine.

S. M. Glue helped Mr. Smalley with the Water Works.

He was the grandfather of Charles Glue, for years agent for the Goodrich line of boats here. He was always pleasant and is worthy of a tree.

John Smalley's father and S. N. Glue, measured the water in the creek, to estimate the amount that might be used, by making a dam and catching the water in wash tubs to see the amount.

The first water works at Lakeside were laid out by using wooden pipes held together with iron bands. The logs were bored out by a firm in Bay City and worked very well for the times. The ends were grooved so they could be driven together tight.

H. H. Getty was a good friend to me, said George McCullum. He was the silent partner in Ryerson, Hills and Co. Once he was across the street from what is now the Indian Cemetery on Morris street, and opposite to where George lived at the time. George called to him, "I am working this side of the street now. You can work that side." The Indian monument had just been erected by Martin Ryerson and Mr. Getty was looking at it.

Pete Pillsbury was a very nice man. He lived where the Richards Storehouse is now on Morris Street.

Mr. McCullum told a story that illustrates one characteristic in C. H. H.'s life, so I repeat it.

Benny — was a mason and contractor and wanted to get the contract to build the old cracker factory and started for Mr. H's office to see him about it, but when almost there became frightened at the idea of meeting a millionaire so turned around and went home. Later Mr. H. overheard him telling about it as Benny was bricking in a boiler at —. Mr. McCullum added, I was but a little boy, but I remember Mr. Hackley going around that boiler and saying. Benny, I did not think you were such a fool to do a thing like that. It will not take any more dirt to cover me than you, when we get through this life.

George hung pictures for Mr. H. and while hanging the large one portraying the dedication of the Library, George was drilling the holes in the wall, when Mr. H. said, I want that to stay there. "How long do you want it to stay there"? asked George.

"Well, you need not consider more than the first fifty years," replied Mr. H.

I wish we had more men like C. H. Hackley and L. G. Mason.

L. G. Mason went his limit to improve this town and Mr. H. helped him all he could.

One day Mr. H. met George and asked him if he could put a hand rail on the Library like the one on the Century Club so he could walk up the stairs easier and George told him he could

put up a better one and was told to do so. He engaged a draftsman to make the plans and sent them to a Chicago firm to give him an estimate. They thought they were wasting their time figuring on it, for brass piping of that size was not common. George was working for the Howden Co. at the time and Mr. Howden sent him over to Mr. H. with the estimated cost.

C. H. said, "Get it up quick and you see that it is put up right," so I got two men from the Monument Works to drill holes in the granite and while we were working, Thos. Munroe and Louis Kanitz drove past. They stopped and wanted to know what I was doing and were very much put out to have men cutting the stone. They asked me who ordered the work done and when I said Mr. H., then it was different.

Timothy Cramer was then Supt. of School Buildings and C. H. told him to see that I watched the men so the work would be well done. I could not get away for a minute, without Mr. Cramer running after me to get me back on that job.

Afterward, I built an iron rail on the Central School for Mr. H. so he could get upstairs easier.

Mr. Hackley took an active interest in the School Board and one morning he drove up to the Howden Co. and asked me to go with him. He told me to go to Newmeister's and get six thermometers and get into the sleigh with him. He drove me to the McLaughlin School on Ransome St. and had me hang up a thermometer in each room and after 45 minutes, he asked me to take the reading in each room.

It was early in the day and a very cold morning, so the rooms had not had time to heat up and when I asked him what was the idea of this work, he replied that the teachers had dismissed school because they said it was not warm enough and he was going to find out.

It was 67-68 degrees in those rooms then and he said "the next time the teachers dismiss school here, they will get no pay for the lost time. They can put on some clothes if they are cold. It is as warm here as in my office this morning."

George added, "Don't try to beat that man out of 50c just because he is a millionaire. "He watched the school business as closely as his own and the man who tried to cheat him, lost in the end.

George was the boy who lighted the gas lights at the street corners in the early days, by riding a horse to each lamp and turning the gas on and lighting it as the sun set and turning it off at midnight. His horse was so trained that he would jump

up on the sidewalk, if there was a bank and stand until the light was turned on then run to the next lamp, without ever a word being said to him.

Mr. Hackley wanted me to hang all of his pictures in the house and one day a sea captain willed him some oars and a pike pole and C. H. sent them to Kelley Bros. to have them make something out of them and as he supposed to hang on his wall.

When the oars were returned, he asked George to hang this new picture frame and George held the oars on the wall in several ways, but could not find a satisfactory position, so C. H. called up William Kelley and asked him what kind of a picture he had made.

In a few minutes Mr. Kelley arrived at the door and taking the oars and pike pole, stood them up and sure enough, it was an easel to hold a picture and not a picture frame.

C. H. and George laughed at their ignorance, as did Wm. Kelley.

One day George was working in the basement and heard something fall on the floor above. Not knowing what it might be, he ran upstairs and asked C. H. what had happened. Get out of here, came the reply, it is none of your business, but later George saw Tailor Bullis who served him many years, drive out with the old clock which C. H. would allow no one but himself to wind and in winding he had broken the string so the large weight fell to the floor, but he did not want anyone to know what he had done.

C. H. enjoyed a joke and was jolly with the men who worked for him and appreciated that they would laugh at his breaking the string, because he had blamed someone else for doing the same thing.

One day C. H. met George and asked him what he was doing. Working at the County Home, George answered.

Is it not enough for you to rob me, without robbing the paupers? asked C. H. with a laugh.

There was no man who resented being cheated more than C. H. and a man who cheated him once, never got another chance, but he trusted George McCullum to the limit and knew he did not cheat him.

Mrs. C. H. Hackley was always pleasant, George remarked. One day I was doing some plumbing in the attic of the house. There was no floor over the rafters and his foot slipped off the rafter and he fell through the plastering, to his hip, as the plaster came rattling down in the room where Mrs. Hackley sat. She

looked up and said, "That is no way to come in here. Why don't you use the door?"

George said, Jim McGordon was mean and everyone was glad when he died.

Chuncey Davis knew every man, woman and child and all loved him.

Pillsbury was a good man as was Bidler who would drive ten miles to pay a 10c debt or collect one.

William Brinen was another good man. Once the Thayer Lumber Co. moved a saw mill from Big Rapids to the yard and Hugh Park wanted to use one of the pumps and asked George where it was.

While George was looking for it, Mr. Brinen kicked him on the leg and said, "Don't look for that. I sold it to a man who did not pay for it, but he needed the pump."

Tom Munroe was quick tempered and one day said something to George that was not just right. The next day, after he had thought it over, he came back and apologized to George for what he had said. He was a fair minded man and worthy of a tree.

NATHAN SHAW worked for C. H. for five years and said C. H. was the nicest man in the world. If I wanted anything for the business, and I asked him for it, he would tell me to go and get it and bring him the bill. He never objected to what was right.

One day C. H. was in Jud Moon's Saloon and an Italian came in with a tray of images on his head. C. H. liked a little fun and yet had no use for the images, so he knocked over the tray and broke the images. The man began to make a fuss while the others laughed, until another Italian who was wise to the ways of the town, told him to keep still. That his images were well sold. All he had to do was to go to the office and get his pay, which he did and the bill was paid without protest. C. H. had had his fun and was satisfied.

Jud Moon swept up the pieces and put them in a can. C. H. watched him and when the floor was clean, he kicked over the can, so Judd let the pieces lay on the floor.

This C. H. was not the man of later days and this is told only to illustrate how he grew with his giving.

Lumber was selling in those days for \$6-\$6.50 a thousand feet delivered in Chicago and many of the lumbermen did not pay their men the wages due them.

There was no way of collecting wages in those days as now and while the men got their board, many of them did not get any cash for a Winter's work.

This was not so with C. H. who was noted for being GOOD PAY and nice with his men.

Porter Hackley was a good bookkeeper and a good foreman when in the mill. He was a fine friend to many but himself. The drinking of those days killed many a man, but there was nothing else to do for pleasure and work was hard with the long 12 and 13 hour days.

George McCullum said that the old Opera House was built during the Red Ribbon Movement because there was not a large enough hall for the meetings and Mr. Reynolds had interested Pat Connell and Doc. Morrison with many business men to take stock in the undertaking.

Pat Connell never drank after he signed the pledge and was worthy of having a tree named after him.

Newcomb McGraft and A. V. Mann bought the Opera House later as a business investment.

Fred Reynolds was the Manager and brought some of the best talent of the day to Muskegon.

Doc Morrison had offered to take for his pay, the use of the Opera House for just one week and he cleaned up \$2,000 it was said, so the old house was a paying investment in those days.

C. H. and Peter Wintermute signed the pledge together at the old Central School and Pete drank water after that when he went into a saloon. C. H. never went in but had his wine regularly at Capt. Lee's. The men used to ask for him and missed him and the drinks.

Feb. 1st, 1934.

George McCullum.

E. B. DANA

The quality in Mr. Hackley that most attracted my attention at the time and that still stands out, was the regularity and thoroughness with which he transacted his daily tasks. He had a program for each day. He carried out that program with exactness. In the best sense he was a worker.

But work for him was not drudgery. He enjoyed it. He well exemplified the joy of labor. He met the many demands on his time with promptness, and his decisions were generally accepted as correct. Often when perplexing questions arose involving private or public interests, the word that passed from man to man was; "What does Mr. Hackley think about it?" The troubled man, seeking a way out of his difficulties, was

advised to "see Mr. Hackley", and few were the deserving appeals that failed to receive encouragement and help.

Thus he came to have a large influence, exercised always in a quiet, unassuming way. His simplicity and modesty were genuine.

Loyalty was a strong quality in Mr. Hackley — loyalty to his friends and neighbors, loyalty to his home city, to his state and to his country. He was not much of a traveler. He was content to remain closely at home, attending to his regular round of work. In this way he came to know his home city and its people. He was proud of Muskegon, and with all her limitations he loved the town, and even in the time of gloom never lost faith in the larger and better future.

Mr. Hackley was easy of approach for anyone with a reason for asking a share of his time, while to old friends and acquaintances he always gave a cordial and sincere welcome. His office had about it an inviting air of socialbility and friendliness. In his later years in his uptown office, many were the friends who dropped in to see him complying with his familiar salutation, "Come in and sit down", then exchanging felicitations and enjoying the spell of his contagious optimism. In a happy sense it may be said that he "lived" "in his house by the side of the road" and there in his easy chair before that broad window, looking out on the flow of life that daily passed before him, he had his visions of how he could be a friend to man.

How those visions took shape from time to time and modestly were made known to his fellow citizens, how they have been realized through the years by the favored and grateful recipients of Mr. Hackley's bounty, all combine to form the richest chapter in Muskegon's history.

Looking back now, it is evident that Mr. Hackley planned his benefactions with far seeing completeness often not understood. He planned for large results. In business he had won a notable success. His ambition was that his gifts to his home town should likewise prove to be each in its way a large success. That he was deeply moved by the expressions of approval and gratitude that followed the announcement of each gift was known generally at the time. Naturally he prized the many evidences of thankful appreciation that came to him from all directions — whether in formal resolutions by organizations or in the spoken word or the silent handshake of a friend and neighbor, or in the letters showered on him by children in the public schools, which letters he read with keen interest. But beyond all this he realized

that the real test of appreciation and gratitude would come through the years in the use made of his gifts — in the vital benefits derived from them, by his favored city — from generation to generation.

E. B. Dana.

There are few men to whom Muskegon owes more than Mr. Edward B. Dana, who published the Chronicle during the time when Mr. C. H. Hackley was making his gifts to this city.

He read a paper before the Muskegon Rotarians, which was published in the Chronicle Oct. 31, 1931, which gives a good idea of some of the conditions that prevailed here 50 years ago and tells of some of the men who encouraged Mr. Hackley in continuing his gifts, and will be of interest one hundred years from now, so it is given here.

E. B. DANA GIVES GLIMPSE OF DAYS WHEN PINE WAS KING

Change Has Been Complete He Tells Rotarians: Even in
Early Day Local Schools Were Outstanding

(No man knows more of Muskegon's history for the last 50 years than E. B. Dana. As a result, the Rotary club recently requested him to tell them of the Muskegon of 50 years ago. We are publishing the paper he read at that time. Editor's Note).

One might search the wide world over without finding two cities more unlike than the Muskegon of today and the Muskegon of fifty years ago. True we have the same skies above, the same earth beneath, same Lakes Michigan and Muskegon, the same river yet never the same, the same sand dunes. We still have Pigeon Hill though somewhat decapitated. We have streets and avenues bearing the same old names and lines. Also, we have some of the business buildings and many residences of pioneer times, but all now so altered by efforts at modernization, as scarcely to be recognized by former owners who might perchance revisit them.

Otherwise a complete change. The stage has been swept clean of old scenery and settings; a new act with a new cast is on.

First and foremost, the one gigantic industry that then dominated all else has gone — scarce a trace of it remains. That industry ruled Muskegon near 50 years. At its crest it employed an army of five thousand men; yielded annually a product exceed-

ing \$6,000,000 in value at the low prices then prevailing — or probably exceeding four times that value if measured by present prices.

This shift from all-lumber to no-lumber, made by Muskegon while standing, as it were, in its tracks, may well be classed as one of the marvels of the American city. True, other cities have undergone similar transformation, but Muskegon may proudly challenge any town of like size devoted as exclusively to one industry, to show such a complete change wrought out within a like period of time.

The Rule of Pine

In the brief time allowed today let us take a few views of Muskegon during its peak period under the romantic rule of King Pine.

In the summer and autumn of 1881 Muskegon was enjoying the greatest prosperity it had known. The hard times of the seventies, when the finest pine lumber Michigan yielded sold on the Chicago market in quantity, as low as \$6.00 a thousand feet, had passed! Now the market was booming! Prices were up, King Pine was pouring a stream of gold Muskegonward. Every lumberman on Muskegon lake was striving for production, production, greater production. They were the original mass-productionists.

A glance at the map will reveal how nature had favored Muskegon for the part she was playing. First, was the growth through the centuries — how many centuries no one knows — of that magnificent body of virgin pine — as fine as ever grew, extending from Muskegon northeasterly two hundred miles or more up the meanderings of Muskegon river, and on either side for miles back across the wide valleys. Next, the river itself, a great free highway for transporting almost direct from stump to mill the high floating pine logs down to Muskegon lake, this beautiful body of water that in the lumberman's mind seemed created, set apart and preserved by Mother Nature especially for his benefit as the ideal site for the 40 saw mills that belted the lake and daily for long hours, year after year chanted the song of the saw as they converted logs by the million into gleaming, fragrant white pine planks. And next majestic Lake Michigan offering a boundless free waterway for the scores and scores of white-winged schooners — the aquatic model Ts of that day — racing to transport at lowest cost the vast mill production to Chicago, then as now the great central market.

40 Mills at Work

Here was a combination of natural resources unsurpassed anywhere on these inland lakes, and Muskegon made the most of it after the fashion of the times.

In the grand rush for production the output of the 40 mills reached its peak in the years 1883-4-5-6, with an average annual cut of 650,000,000 feet of lumber. 170,000,000 lath; while six shingle mills turned out yearly in excess of 300,000,000 shingles. No wonder Muskegon became famous as "Lumber Queen of the World."

These production figures mean little to the average layman. However it may to visualize 650,000,000 feet of lumber to see it in one pile of pine boards 20 feet long piled solid, 20 feet high. That pile with one end at the Muskegon court house, would reach in an air line to Grand Rapids and about ten miles beyond. Or if cut into planks 20 feet long, two inches thick, and used to floor a Lincoln highway, that highway would reach in an air line from Portland, Maine, to San Francisco.

But the mill output was not all finished in lumber, ready for market. What of such by-products as slabs, edgings, sawdust, bark, rejected shingle blocks, etc. The bulk of such output, carried by endless chain conveyors from gang saws straight into those all-devouring refuse burners, went up in smoke — a product far more pleasing, aromatically, than some smokes and vapors of more recent generations.

Factory Is Result

From the seemingly endless piles of slabs and shingle blocks the city drew the greater part of its fuel — price \$1.50 a solid cord, delivered. Some sawdust that escaped the refuse burners served to pave streets, though reports of the extent of such paving were grossly exaggerated. Strange as it may seem, the one big industry Muskegon has today as a direct survivor of saw mill days, owes its origin and the world-wide distribution of its wares to the utilization of waste materials — rescued from the refuse burner — a tribute to the genius of conservationists Ansel F. Temple and Stewart Hartshorn.

Naturally, from the start Muskegon patronized home industry by building the town almost entirely of lumber all home made; also fencing in pretty nearly all residence lots, and laying all sidewalks. Literally, but by no means figuratively, it was a wooden town. Then as now Western avenue Saturday afternoons and

evenings was thronged by pedestrians, but the sight and the sound of the marchers over the wooden sidewalks, and at night beneath the open flame flickering gas lights would contrast strangely with the present regime.

An unexpected by-product of the lumber era came in the fall of 1881 in the form of a violent argument between mill workmen and mill owners over the proper number of hours for a day's work. The custom had been to operate the mills 11 hours a day — in some cases 11½ or even 12. The men proposed a uniform day of ten hours — and adopted as their slogan "Ten hours or no sawdust." The owners said "no change — keep right on as we have been for years. The mills can't operate in winter. Eleven hours a day is none too long for the six or seven months of our working year." So the issue was joined, and by mid-October many mills were shut down. A little later winter took command and the question of hours still unsettled went over until spring. With the return of spring the argument was resumed with at times much excitement, until a settlement was reached by early June and the 10-hour day generally adopted.

No Wage Issue

It seems strange, judged by recent standards, that during this strike no issue arose over wages or the frequency of pay days. The bulk of work in and about the mills required little training. It was rough hard toil, demanding muscle, bone, sinew. Wages for common labor ranged from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per day. Skilled workmen, as sawyers, filers, engineers, received more — some filers as high as \$4.50 per day. Pay days came monthly — on the tenth for the previous month's earnings. With 40 mills, the booming company and every other branch of the industry observing this monthly pay day, no wonder money flowed freely about the town right after distribution of the pay envelopes. Then the long wait for the next pay day sometimes proved to be just too bad.

A rather interesting development of the "Ten hours or no sawdust" chapter was political — the organization in the spring of 1882 of a Workingman's Party which put up a full ticket at the April election and elected every candidate, by big majorities. One result was a city council made up of four hold-over and four new aldermen, the two groups stubbornly antagonistic, a dead-lock following, appointments of city officials by the mayor unconfirmed for weeks because of this dead-lock, the city government in suspense, with uncertainty and excitement, more or

less of a vaudeville sort. The good offices of the State Supreme court had to be invoked to straighten out the tangles.

The new political party put up also a full ticket at the county election that fall, and this also was victorious. It was several years before the former political equilibrium was restored by the gradual disappearance of the Workingman's Party. And, by the way, a feature of elections in those days was the ease and certainty with which a zealous political worker could accompany his friend or companion right up to the ballot box and see that he voted right — meaning thereby, as previously arranged — possibly bought and paid for. That was before the secret ballot of today.

Boat Arrival Big Event

Four centers of special interest deserve mention — the Goodrich dock at Central Wharf on North Third street, the Third Street depot, the Occidental Hotel, the Post Office. The arrival and departure of the Chicago boat was to the town more of an event then than now. And next, was the coming and going of passenger trains over the one railway — the Chicago and West Michigan — to or from the dingy old depot on Third street. For the stranger, just arrived by boat or train, there was that short walk up street to the hotel, that homely and homey three-story wooden structure that for many years extended the glad hand to guests from many lands.

The Occidental of that day was not only a hotel, but also an exchange where buyers from Chicago and other marts consummated with local pine barons timber and lumber deals running into figures of dazzling volume.

Of the dining room service it may well be said that the meals served were sumptuous and complete; American style, no a-la-carte system, no cafeteria bread-line with cash register attachment, no noisy after-dinner clubs disturbing well fed diners — in the good old days of Landlord Nathaniel and Mrs. Hannah Barney.

And then the post office on Second street, cramped into two small rooms, but showing an imposing array of lock boxes to be visited daily, morning and evening, by box-holders eager to realize on this contact with the outside world. Vital as is the later postal service in business and social life, the old post office had a more direct and personal meaning to its patrons in the days when they visited it in person and often.

No Plumbing Then

Fifty years ago Muskegon was proud of its waterworks, located south of Houston avenue between Eighth and Tenth streets, built in 1874 and financed by an issue of \$160,000 of eight per cent bonds. This was a longstep ahead of the old system of driven wells put down at small cost, a well for every house.

However, modern plumbing was conspicuous by its absence. Bath tubs were distressingly scarce, years passed before anything in the way of a sewer system was attempted. The word sanitary was used but little. With the city growth and the gradual increase in the use of public water Muskegon soon was threatened with a water famine, as the supply at the waterworks was proving insufficient. A glance at the city map will tell why.

Then began agitation for an unfailing water supply. After several years of argument over various sites and plans, including plans of finance, the city voted to get its water from Lake Michigan. This for the time was a momentous decision but one amply justified in after years.

Then as now the schools held a large place in the public mind and heart. The board of education was composed of Frederick A. Nims, Robert E. Bunker, David McLaughlin, Louis Kanitz, Charles D. Nelson, Henry H. Getty. Of these men Mr. Kanitz, now in his 94th year, alone survives. It was a group of men notable for that time, or for any time or place. The practice was to reelect directors as their terms expired. Thus all served long enough to become thoroughly interested. Mr. Nims was on the board 36 years. He devoted a great deal of time to the schools, in cooperation with Mr. Bunker, a former superintendent, and Charles L. Houseman, the then superintendent. The Muskegon schools became widely known for their progressive methods. The kindergarten system was introduced in the fall of 1882 — one of the very first cities in Michigan to take this step. Even prior to that time a special teacher of music and another of penmanship were employed. Other advanced methods were introduced from year to year, until, most important of all, came manual training and the part taken by Mr. Hackley in giving this such a remarkable place in Muskegon's educational system.

Friendships Played Part

Just how far the friendship existing between Mr. Nims and Mr. Hackley, and the great interest the former took in promoting and improving the schools of Muskegon — just how far this went

in influencing Mr. Hackley to give the library and the Manual Training school with their endowments, and to follow these with other equally valuable gifts may never be known, but citizens of Muskegon who were close in friendship to both these men have been prompt and emphatic in attributing to Mr. Nims the skillful suggestion and the quiet, winning influence that inspired Mr. Hackley to devote so large a share of his wealth to public interests here. Under this interpretation of well known transactions in Muskegon history it would seem that to Frederick A. Nims, Muskegon owes a large debt of gratitude never fittingly acknowledged.

The Central school was in use as well as name the center of the system. Predecessor of the present Hackley school, the school square was amply protected by a strong picket fence on its four sides, with a revolving gate at each corner and wooden sidewalks leading from gates to school. The front entrance was at the center of the building. On the first floor, at the right hand, was the office of the superintendent and board of education, next back of this was the city library, crammed into one small room, but destined in good time under the magic touch of the Hackley wand to be transformed into the beautiful public library of today.

Public Meeting Place

On the left hand side of the entrance hall was the complete High school condensed into three rooms. The second story was devoted to the grades, while the third floor was one large hall used at times for public meetings, particularly for the annual school meeting, when directors were elected, budgets voted, and questions settled in old-fashioned town-meeting style.

The nearest approach to a Chamber of Commerce was the celebrated law firm of Smith, Nims, Hoyt & Erwin. This firm not only conducted for many years a large business in the practice of law, but also the counsel and cooperation of members of the firm were in almost constant demand in connection with public questions and business enterprises of vital interest to the community. In their offices were found plans for city improvements, important private enterprises, transfers of vast holdings of timber lands, also the organization and launching of the Muskegon Improvement company, to which organization may be credited the birth and early development of Muskegon Heights.

One other building deserves mention — the Opera House — that for 35 years served as center of theatrical and similar amusements, also as a community house for public gatherings of every

sort. Opened in 1878, the building, for that time, was a very creditable structure. Four memorable occasions were observed within its walls that may well be recalled as revealing the qualities of the Muskegon of the times concerned. First, was the Memorial service for President James A. Garfield, which took place September 24, 1881, at the same time the funeral services were being held in Cleveland. All business, including that of the saw mills was suspended, the entire town bowed in sorrow. The Opera House was taxed far beyond capacity. Memorial addresses were given by a number of citizens, among them Henry B. Holt, Loftus N. Keating, Chauncey J. Chaddock, Ansel F. Temple.

First Mayor Buried

Second to be remembered was the occasion, February 13, 1888, of the funeral service of Mayor Chauncey Davis, Muskegon's first mayor, well known and loved for his many years of helpful activity as merchant, lumberman, banker, but more as public spirited citizen, always interested in everything that concerned the welfare of Muskegon; kind, generous, a friend of everyone in need of a friend. Again the Opera House was over crowded while Muskegon, with business places closed, paid the last tribute of respect and honor for its most beloved citizen.

And third, the dedication of Hackley Public Library, October 15, 1890, an occasion of state-wide interest, another great outpouring of the people expressing their gratitude to Mr. Hackley in person, for the gift of the library, "The possession of the living, the heritage of posterity." The dedicatory address by United States Senator Thomas W. Palmer of Detroit was most appropriate — scholarly, eloquent. How fitting his closing words:

"The merchant who sends his ships with gold and silver to the Orient does not receive gold and silver in return, but an exchange of far more value. The ships bring back the silks, the cashmeres, the spices of Cathay. So will it be with him who sends out such an argosy as this. It will not return in material wealth, but it will in 'jewels richer than all his tribe' — regard, affection, and the consciousness of not having lived in vain."

Hospital Dedicated

And fourth, the dedication of Hackley Hospital, November 7, 1904. Again the people throng the Opera House, again they rejoice for the opportunity of expressing personally to Mr. Hackley their profound thanks for all his benefactions, and especially

for this, the crowning gift of the hospital. The address was by the Honorable James B. Angell, nationally known for his long and conspicuous record as president of the University of Michigan, at that time the state's best known and most beloved citizen. His tribute to the giver and the gift may well be cherished as a beautiful expression of Muskegon's mind and heart toward her great benefactor who within a few short weeks was to pass over the Great Divide.

It is well to recall now and often President Angell's closing words:

"Our prayer for this hospital is that it may be so wisely administered and so justly appreciated through all the coming generations that it shall fulfill the most sanguine hope of the generous founder and us his fellow citizens who with gratitude rejoice with him today."

THE GREATER MUSKEGON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Muskegon, Michigan, November 16, 1933

Mr. L. P. Haight,
618 Adams St.,
Muskegon, Mich.

My Dear Mr. Haight:

In reference to your recent request for an appreciation of the late Chas. H. Hackley, Muskegon philanthropist.

Sometime ago I prepared a study of Mr. Hackley which appeared in a brochure published by the Hackley Memorial Association in 1929. I enclose herewith transcript of same which I believe will meet your purpose.

Very truly yours,

J. C. Beukema,
Secretary-Manager.

CHARLES HENRY HACKLEY

A Study

He was the maker of the new Muskegon, for he stood by it in the days of adversity, when it needed the lifeblood of new industries and new energies . . . He loved Muskegon as he loved no other place.

— Editorial in Muskegon Daily Chronicle, Feb. 10, 1905.

I venture to express the hope . . . you will take measures to secure reasonable provision for that education which will best tend to fit our youth for good citizenship and for an intelligent and faithful discharge of the varied duties of life; that they may cultivate frugality, regard manual labor as honorable, aspire to a high standard of character rather than wealth . . . and may become upright, self-reliant zealous men and women. If so, it will be the highest gratification I can experience to have contributed in some measure to that result of their training in the public schools.

—Extract from letter of Charles H. Hackley to Muskegon Board of Education offering to finance building of Hackley School.

Two facts are outstanding in the life of Charles H. Hackley. One is his extraordinary love and devotion to Muskegon revealed through his works and benefactions. The other is his keen desire that the youth of Muskegon should not lack opportunity through want of education.

To achieve the first he gave unstintingly of his time and wealth to rebuild Muskegon from a dying lumber town into a city of diversified industry so that every man who owned a home here might find remunerative employment.

To insure the second he made gifts to the city aggregating millions of dollars so that the children of Muskegon might have every opportunity to acquire a thorough and practical education.

Hence, the previous quotations epitomize the life of Muskegon's greatest citizen.

Charles H. Hackley was a remarkable man.

As one reads his life and letters — such few letters as have been preserved — one becomes more and more impressed with this fact.

He believed in youth — youth properly trained. With a clarity of vision astonishing in one who had received so little scholastic training he perceived that the greatest contribution he could make his city was to give its boys and girls the best education obtainable. To that end he gave Hackley Public Library, Hackley Manual Training School, Hackley Art Gallery, and made possible the erection of Hackley School.

It is not an uncommon thing in America for men to achieve wealth despite great handicaps, and afterward to distribute that wealth in various philanthropies. But to vision so clearly that the strength and greatness of a city lies in its youth — that youth can only be held by giving it a constantly expanding horizon and a

larger opportunity — that Education and Industry must be provided to achieve this result and that the two must go hand in hand — this required a dreamer and a seer.

To this dream Charles H. Hackley devoted himself, giving his time, his energies, and his fortune without stint.

Muskegon, Muskegon Heights and North Muskegon today form a growing, thriving industrial community of over 70,000 people largely because Charles H. Hackley once lived here. Without the aid he gave during the trying transition period when Muskegon was changing over from an exclusive lumber-producing center to a city of diversified industry, there would have been nothing here to attract the enterprises that have made the new Muskegon.

His inspiration and his wealth brought the first of the new factories to Muskegon during the '90's when lumber mill after lumber mill ceased operation as the pine forests tributary to the Muskegon River were cut away. When these industries suffered financial distress it was his ready aid that kept them alive and eventually made them successful.

Similarly his remarkable public gifts — the Hackley Park, Hackley Library, Hackley Manual Training School, Hackley Hospital, and others, made Muskegon attractive as a place of residence. Thirty years ago he knew and practiced the modern gospel that Industry can only be attracted by making the community itself a worth while place for men and women to live.

There is something sublime in the Hackley of 1888 to 1905.

Like many others, he had achieved a great fortune cutting the marvelous forest growth that blanketed the southern peninsula of Michigan. Chicago was building, building, building! Back of it were the treeless prairies and a hundred prairie towns in course of construction. Custer had made his last stand, the truculent Sioux had been tamed and herded into reservations, and a land-hungry people, pressed on by a tidal wave of immigration from Europe, were pushing westward. Homes were needed, and to build homes lumber was necessary. Much of this lumber came from Michigan, covered in those days with one of the finest stands of white pine grown in this country. The pine was tributary to the Muskegon River, which bore the felled timber down to the mills at Muskegon.

The product and the market! Small wonder that fortunes were made here in the lumber trade.

But in 1889 began the deluge. To the amazement of many closely identified with the industry, the pine had vanished. There

was nothing left to cut. But, Muskegon, with its 24,000 people, depended solely on the forty-seven sawmills ringing Muskegon Lake. What was to be done?

Calamities seldom come singly. In 1891 a great fire swept the city destroying its then principal business district. Two years later the panic of '93 swept the nation, bringing increased distress to the already stricken community.

Those were dour days. Thousands of homes tenantless; hundreds of homes reverting to the state for non-payment of taxes; people discouraged, hopeless.

But Charles H. Hackley never lost faith.

Others might leave the city and invest their fortunes, made here, in other and more promising fields. But he determined to apply himself to the task of building the new city.

And with what wisdom, and courage, and fortitude!

Assisted by his equally wise and patriotic partner, Thomas Hume, he planned the notable series of benefactions that adorn the city today and bear the Hackley name. Likewise he applied himself to the task of bringing in new industry, helping merchants in time of distress, giving aid wherever needed. His support in critical times saved scores from bankruptcy and laid the foundation of many modest fortunes.

Those who knew Charles H. Hackley best speak of the simplicity of his mode of living, his distaste for ostentation, and the quiet dignity of his daily life.

In making his gifts Mr. Hackley was similarly modest.

To those who were disposed to laud him for his munificence, Mr. Hackley would say: "The value is not in what I have done, but in the effort that each pupil and teacher puts into the work."

J. C. B.

Dec. 10, 1933.

Mrs. Thomas Hume said over the phone today:

Mr. Hackley was always so pleased when the children would thank him for the Library and other gifts.

He had a wonderful grasp of business possibilities and business; he seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of folks, he knew at a glance what a man was.

I remember once when my husband (Thomas Hume) as a young man had been in the Company's employ but a few months, that it was necessary to send \$20,000 in cash to a Chicago bank and Mr. Hackley selected Thomas Hume to carry it.

James McGordon, one of the partners, said to Mr. Hackley: "Are you not afraid to send that young fellow with that amount of cash? He might run off with it".

"No." replied Mr. Hackley, "I know that man".

Mr. Hackley was always reserved but very polite.

Thomas once said that he was never treated with greater respect and defference, than by Charles H. Hackley.

I knew Mrs. Hackley very intimately and was, I think her best friend, but in all the years I called at the house, Mr. Hackley was never more than formal to me. He was a timid man, when meeting others, but always polite.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MR. HACKLEY'S GIFTS TODAY

Day after day, year after year, the students on the campus pass by the statue dedicated to the memory of Mr. Hackley and given in appreciation of his gifts. It serves as a constant reminder that we are enjoying his gifts to education.

Mr. Hackley's gifts seem even more significant today than in the past. Perhaps it's because they are put to an even greater use now than they have been in previous years.

His gifts to our city, though they measured six million dollars in money value, measure ten times that much in educational value received by the students who use them.

Although many of Mr. Hackley's gifts were given to beautify the city, even more were given to develop and educate its generations. The Julia E. Hackley Education fund was the largest single gift given by Mr. Hackley. Now, several years later, students attending schools in Muskegon still benefit by its founding.

The Hackley Art Gallery, constructed six years after the death of Mr. Hackley, was a gift given primarily to increase the city's culture, as was the Hackley Public Library constructed in 1889.

Mr. Hackley's firm belief in manual labor prompted him to supply funds for the construction of a school for Manual Instruction which we know as the Hackley Manual. This single building no doubt receives more use than any other on the campus, with Junior as well as Senior High students making use of its facilities every day and adult classes being held in the evenings.

Many of Mr. Hackley's gifts are being converted into adult education centers. The Hackley School now serves as a Junior College, thus enabling many students to receive high education without leaving home.

Not only did Mr. Hackley think of the education of Muskegon's youth, but also of their pleasure and enjoyment. This was shown in the construction of the Hackley Gymnasium and the Athletic field.

All may enjoy the beauty of Hackley Park and the surrounding statues erected by Mr. Hackley as a symbol of unity and freedom.

However, Mr. Hackley's gifts did not end with the education, enjoyment and pleasure of Muskegon's citizens. His desire to better living conditions was expressed when he donated funds to build the Hackley hospital. This was perhaps the most important gift to the community as a whole. Each year hundreds of lives are saved through this one generous contribution.

Through the Hackley Poor fund endowment and the Hackley Humane Fund, many of the city's underprivileged and unfortunate have received aid.

Through these gifts and many others, Mr. Hackley expressed a sincere desire for a better community in the years following their education.

By request of Mr. Hackley each year the Muskegon Public Schools set aside a day on which to honor his memory. In doing so we review his many contributions to the community and try a little harder to appreciate their world so torn by war, and with so many countries turning from the Democratic way of life and government.

It may very well be that our coming generation will determine the stand of this nation against the forces of aggression.

We of this community with the help of Mr. Hackley's gifts, can help to make this world a better place in which to live.

Delivered by: Pat Shrier, Hackley Day Program, May 25, 1948.

Editor's note:

Mr. Hackley did not request that a day be set aside to honor him. It was a resolution offered by Robert E. Bunker and unanimously adopted by the Board of Education on May 8th, 1888.

MR. HACKLEY'S GIFTS, A CHALLENGE TO THE FUTURE

You have just heard how the gifts of Mr. Hackley helped to make a dying city a living city and that at the present time we are using these bequests to help make world citizens. But what of the future? That is a challenge to all who are present. The youth of Muskegon must carry on the ideals of a Greater Muskegon as established by Mr. Hackley.

Mr. Hackley has given us every opportunity to enjoy the facilities of the Library, the Art Gallery, the Parks, the Manual Training School, the Gym, the Stadium and the Hospital. Many improvements and advancements have been made in the use and enjoyment of all of these bequests. We have moved forward, but there is still room for more progress.

Every citizen should be interested in making his city a better place in which to live. Each citizen should help promote projects to make Muskegon first among the cities of Michigan. Aid for education should come first as it is only through educated citizens that progress comes.

Those of us who were in the service can at this time perhaps recall a familiar question that goes somewhat like this: "Say Buddy, just where you from?" My reply was, "I am from Muskegon, Michigan." "Muskegon, Michigan. Where's that?" Then it was necessary for me to explain the importance and location of our city.

Now as you grow older perhaps the same question will be asked of you. Let us make it possible for us to say with pride — "We are from Muskegon, Michigan." Let us move on from where Mr. Hackley left off and build our community with pride, not wait for another Mr. Hackley to come along and give us a boost. Any community is as progressive as its citizens. We can all be progressive in our thinking for the building of a Greater Muskegon. Presented by: Richard N. Wright, Hackley Day, May 25th, 1948, at Hackley Stadium.

MR. HACKLEY AS I KNEW HIM

The title is slightly misleading as I knew Mr. Hackley at secondhand, through my father. There were no business affiliations, only a friendship which increased during the years and was augmented by intimate group meetings at Mr. Hackley's office, where much discussion of widely varient themes took place. His gift of the Library to the city had already been made and it seemed to fill a greater need to the entire city than any other one thing could. However, it emphasized the needs of the school children by its very close connection with the school system. I was at that time studying in Boston, what would now fall under the term of "Home Economics", and Father broached the subject at one of the above meetings. "This Home Making is going to be a part of public school work — why not found such a school here, a 'Manual Training School'?"

"What is a manual training school", queried Mr. Hackley, and the topic became a favorite one, as news-items drifted in of their

establishment in various parts of the country. We all knew Muskegon had one of the first and certainly one of the finest, for never was a question of material or equipment raised, but Mr. Hackley added to his original gift, that the best might be installed.

One incident which I witnessed has a more personal side. William Ordway Partridge, a Boston sculptor, came to submit his design for a Soldier's Monument and remained to model the first bust of Mr. Hackley. The original plaster model, at present in the Art Gallery, was unveiled at our home, with members of the Board of Education and other friends present. Mr. Hackley, modest and unassuming, remained in the back room during the ceremony proper, but curiosity got the better of him as the group drifted away from the center of interest and conversation began, he edged up to the bust, inspected it from all angles, then traced with his finger the outline of the left eyebrow, which didn't seem to suit his fancy because it was slightly higher than the left. Passing his hand to his own face, he traced again, looked puzzled, then nodded his head to show that the sculptor was right after all.

The chief impression I seem to have retained of Mr. Hackley, was his entire indifference to his own personal needs as opposed to his feeling that whatever he gave, must be of the first quality. Everything that made him prominent as the donor of his gifts to the city, came through the suggestions of his friends.

Eleanor Temple.

READY

I came not, I was sent;
I go not, I am called.
And yet am I content
 And unappalled.
What if 'mid tangled maze
My feet no pathway find,
Faith strong within me says
 He is not blind.
And while I here abide
His calling, day or night,
No ill can me betide;
 He doeth right.

The wrong that I have done,
The good, with oft-failed hands,
Life battles lost or won;
 He understands.
He calls, He leads, He sends,
Though neither you nor I
His purpose comprehends;
 He knoweth why.
So wait I unappalled,
Believing and content,
Ready whenever called,
 Whenever sent.

A. F. Temple.

Muskegon, Michigan,
September, 1913.

Jan. 4, 1932.

Mr. Douglas Malloch,
1315 Thone Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Douglas:

Your poem "The EYES of AGE" has recalled the fact that you knew Mr. Hackley during the years when he was making his gifts and you were a reporter on the Chronicle.

I am asking a number of men to cooperate in portraying his Biography, which I am writing under the title

CHARLES H. HACKLEY AS I KNEW HIM.

It was his request that I use no "WHITEWASHING" but state the facts as I might find them.

"Men must be old to see so far" and it requires years to really judge the true value of a life, but it will be of special value to the coming generations to have the recorded testimony of the men who knew CHARLES H. HACKLEY from many angles and I trust that you will give me your statement.

Wishing you a prosperous and useful NEW YEAR,

Sincerely yours,

Louis P. Haight.

THE EYES OF AGE

By Douglas Malloch

The days grow shorter with each waning year,
Yet that much sooner will the stars appear;
And so I find, the winding road behind,
As life grows shorter, heaven grows more near.
Once in my youth I had my cause to grieve,
Yet could not see what older men perceived.
I could not then, but now I look again,
And now perceive because I now believe.
Beyond the plain, says age, are peaks of blue,
Youth wonders if an old man's tale is true,
Sees but the plain and not the mountain chain,
Too close to earth to catch the heavenly hue.
Men must be old to see so very far,
Their night more near, they sooner see the star
Only the old, can see the gates of gold —
Only the old are near to where they are.

DOUGLAS MALLOCH,
1532 Thome Avenue
Chicago

Mr. Louis P. Haight,
618 Adams Avenue,
Muskegon, Michigan.

January 12, 1932.

My Dear Mr. Haight:

I was mighty glad to hear from an old friend, and I have been turning your letter over in my mind, but, while I am always willing to earn an honest penny, especially in these times, I don't just see what the chapter would be that I could write. It would be as he appeared to a newspaper man who came into contact with Mr. Hackley daily, and would not idealize him. I realize that you would like to complete the book soon, as the generation which knew Mr. Hackley is passing, but am wondering if I could be of any real assistance. Perhaps I could spend a day with you in an advisory capacity, as I often do with writers, although I doubt very much if it is worth the money. Wishing I could be of more help,

As ever,
Douglas.

Mr. C. C. Billingshurst:

In 1867 I came to Muskegon and started as a bookkeeper in Captain T. J. Rand's bank and I remained as such until his death Dec., 1872.

In Jan., 1873, the bank was reorganized as the Lumberman's National Bank and Mr. Charles H. Hackley, became a director and stockholder of this bank and I became the Cashier. Later Mr. Hackley became the Vice President of this bank.

In Feb., 1893 this bank was reorganized as the "National Lumberman's Bank and so continues.

I knew Mr. Hackley intimately from 1873 until his death; he was a true friend. Mr. Hackley was a man who was very intelligent. An analytical mind, over which he had excellent control. He came to a conclusion quickly and his first opinion was generally correct. He was always prompt in his business and in his engagements — generally transacting his business in the forenoon. We were partners in the lumber business and our relations were always pleasant. When others lost faith in Muskegon, he stuck and he helped many firms to succeed, who would have failed. He was a good man for Muskegon. All of his friends and interests were here.

C. C. Billingshurst.

PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF MUSKEGON

Stephen H. Clink, Judge of Probate
Muskegon, Michigan

Hackley Day, May 24, 1940, Hackley Field.

It is only proper that we pause each year for a few moments to consider the immensity of the debt which we owe to those who have departed this life for the fuller life beyond. Only through such reflection can we fully comprehend the immensity of our obligation to posterity.

In Muskegon there is one in particular to whom we are indebted, but this morning I choose to remind you not of the \$6,000,000 worth of material gifts which Charles H. Hackley gave to us, but rather of the immortality which he attained by reason of his influence upon countless generations to come, and the challenge that his life constitutes for us as we go out into the world and give birth to a succeeding generation.

Many times I have thought of the concept of immortality, not as a matter of church doctrine, not as a matter of heaven or hell, but as a matter of everlasting life on earth, earned through the acquisition of a character that would continue to influence people long after one's temporal bodies of clay grew cold. Will Washington and Lincoln ever die in the minds and hearts of true Americans — and will Charles H. Hackley ever die in the minds and hearts of Muskegonites who are wise enough to take advantage of his great wisdom? Hackley continues to influence us not only because of the magnitude of his gifts, but because of his great wisdom in determining the form of his gifts. I never realized the real character of the man and the sincerity of his altruism until I read an extract from his letter to the Board of Education offering to finance the construction of the Hackley School, and I want to read it to you.

"I venture to express the hope . . . you will take measures to secure reasonable provision for that education which will best tend to fit our youth for good citizenship and for an intelligent and faithful discharge of the varied duties of life; that they may cultivate frugality, regard manual labor as honorable, aspire to a high standard of character rather than wealth . . . and may become upright, self-reliant zealous men and women. If so, it will be the highest gratification I can experience to have contributed in some measure to that result of their training in the public schools!"

Those are the words of a philosopher and I venture to say that even if Hackley had not amassed the great wealth that per-

mitted the wonderful gifts he made, he still would have achieved immortality in a more obscure but equally compelling way, for a man of that character never fails to influence people and to influence people to influence people.

This thought was very beautifully expressed by Douglas Malloch. Shortly after Mr. Hackley's death, Malloch wrote a poem entitled:

"THIS THING THAT MEN CALL DEATH"

These moral signs mark not the finished span;
The breath may cease, the beating heart be still
But never one is dead on earth until

He passes from the memory of man.

And so I would not think on Hackley dead —

There is no Hackley who is dead to me;

His footprints in the city streets I see

And in her public places hear his tread.

'Twas not his gifts alone made Hackley great —

The willing heart, the hand that never tired —

'Twas that within that Hackley's gifts inspired;

They were of greatest service to the state.

He taught the youth the need of industry;

He taught the public mind the need of art;

He taught the narrow soul the need of heart;

He taught the land the need of loyalty.

And friends, there are countless others who have passed on and lost their individual identity, but who are immortal because they made the last supreme sacrifice for their country. Their very anonymity is expressed by the memorial to the unknown soldier. Their collective faults are written on the sands, but their collective virtues are recorded in this bit of marble for posterity.

And just as Hackley, they will live as long as their influence is felt. How long that will be depends not alone on their virtues or their character, but also upon the receptiveness of this generation and of each succeeding generation.

When I posed the question: "Will Washington and Lincoln ever die in the minds and hearts of true Americans, I was careful to qualify "Americans" by the word "true" and as I posed the question: "and will Charles H. Hackley ever die in the minds and hearts of Muskegonites, I was careful to qualify "Muskegonites" by the words "who are wise enough to take advantage of his great wisdom." I did this because Washington and Lincoln and Hackley will live only as long as they exert influence and

they will exert influence only as long as Americans, true Americans and Muskegonites are wise enough to appreciate cultural opportunities.

By the same token, the unknown soldier will live only as long as he exerts influence and he will exert influence only as long as we are wise enough to listen to his story.

We should listen as he tells us how 22 years ago half a million of the cream of our youth went across the sea to make the world safe for democracy.

We should listen as he tells us how eight months later these the allies gratefully acknowledged that America had won the war for them.

We should listen as he tells us how eight months later these same grateful allies put their signatures to the Treaty of Versailles, which violated practically all the principles for which 130,000 American soldiers had died.

We should listen as he tells the whole story of deceit, broken promises, hate and revenge.

My friends, if we do not listen, we rob that unknown soldier, and all he represents, of immortality; if we do not profit from his experience, he shall have died in vain — it is now up to us.

And, as we go back to our classes and to the activities of everyday life, let us pledge ourselves that we will ever attempt to assume and to discharge our obligations to the generations to come, by an intelligent appreciation of the heritage that has been left us by the Hackley's and the unknown soldiers of days gone by.

Stephen H. Clink, Judge of Probate,
Muskegon, Michigan.

THE HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY

Muskegon, Michigan

May 3, 1943.

Mr. Louis P. Haight,
618 Adams Avenue,
Muskegon, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Haight:

You have asked me to tell you what the gifts of Charles H. Hackley to the city of Muskegon have meant to me and also to the residents of the city. Suppose I begin with the Hackley Public Library, Mr. Hackley's first gift to Muskegon.

This library, for nearly fifteen years, among most pleasant and congenial surroundings, has provided me employment. I have but to enter the building and I am in the company of the greatest and wisest men and women who have ever lived. Their thoughts are accessible to me at any time. If I so desire, Caesar will entertain me with the story of his conquests in Gaul; Parkman will hold me spellbound with his accounts of the French explorers, warriors and missionaries who traversed the territory which now is Michigan; King Solomon will share his wisdom with me; and Our Lord and Savior will comfort me and give me fresh hope. All our history, all our religion, all our laws, science, medicine and philosophy have come down to us in books, and this wealth of knowledge is at my finger tips. This is what the Hackley Library means and has meant to me.

As to what the Hackley Library means to the residents of Muskegon, I am going to quote from the Bulletin of the New Bedford (Mass.) Free Public Library:

WHAT A LIBRARY DOES FOR A CITY

1. Completes its educational equipment, carrying on and giving permanent value to the work of the schools.
2. Gives the children of all classes a chance to know and love the best in literature. Without a public library such a chance is limited to the very few.
3. Provides the best equipment for the furtherance of adult education programs.
4. Minimizes the sale and reading of vicious literature in the community, thus promoting mental and moral health.
5. Effects a saving in money to every reader in the community. Through the library every reader in the city can secure at a given cost from 100 to 1,000 times the material for reading or study that he could secure by acting individually.
6. Adds to the material value of property. Real estate agents in the suburbs of large cities never fail to advertise the presence of a library, if there be one, as giving added value to the lots or houses they have for sale.
7. Appealing to all classes, sects and degrees of intelligence, it is a strong unifying factor in the life of a city.

During the fiscal year July, 1941 — June, 1942, the Hackley Public Library lent for home use, 526,976 volumes; 47,272 boys and girls visited the Children's Department; and 200,296 adults used the facilities of the Reference, Lending and Periodical

Departments. These figures justify my belief that a great many persons in Muskegon do know the value of the library to the city, and, in this connection, I want to point out that their public library does not cost them one cent in taxes.

This letter is already so long that I can but mention briefly Mr. Hackley's other large gifts to Muskegon. The value of Hackley Park, which occupies an entire city block in downtown Muskegon, is evident to everybody. Hackley Hospital was built at a time when there were no hospital facilities here and has been of vital benefit to the community. Hackley Manual Training School has provided training in a variety of skills outside the regular educational program and has done this largely at no expense to the taxpayer.

To sum up: without Mr. Hackley's generous gifts to the community, it is probable that Muskegon's hospital services would be much less than they are today, and it is obvious that the educational facilities of the city would suffer for where, under the fifteen-mill tax limitation, would the School Board get the money necessary to maintain the Hackley Public Library and the Hackley Manual Training School were it not for Mr. Hackley's benefactions?

Sincerely yours,

C. Tefft Hewitt.

MUSKEGON COUNTY MUSEUM

Muskegon, Michigan

March 15, 1947.

Mr. L. P. Haight,
618 Adams Avenue,
Muskegon, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Haight:

I received your letter of March 1 and the copies of Hackley News for which I thank you and have placed them in my files.

I have been thinking about the question put in No. 3 about what difference it might have made if Mr. Hackley had not been born. I think that the average person, young or old, would be inclined to say it would not have made any difference. Response to question as given, may not be much. I have thought that the question might have more appeal if put another way. For instance, "What Difference would it have made to you if Charles H. Hackley had not remained in Muskegon"?

Mr. Hackley had not intended to remain here as he frankly stated in an interview November 17, 1894, at time the mill was being shut down for the last time. He told of his arrival and beginning work in Truesdell mill and about conditions prevailing. He continued: "Lumber was everything, nearly, in the business of the place. The rule was hard work and plenty of it and rough fare was considered sufficient. I had no idea then of remaining here many years but intended, as many of them did, to make money and then remove to some pleasanter place than Muskegon then was."

Mr. Hackley's offer to provide a library building was made May 25, 1888, the cornerstone laid May 25, 1889. The building was completed about July 18, 1890. Mr. Hackley had also made additional funds available to provide furnishings and equipment for building and to stock it with all types of books and magazines and papers needed to equip a first class library. For several years the city had a school library that was located in the Central school that stood where present Hackley School building stands and used for Junior College. The school library was small and for sometime was in the basement and afterwards moved to the first floor and occupied one room with shelves reaching to the ceiling and many books piled on the floor. There was no reading room. The new Hackley Public Library was dedicated October 15, 1890 and the books from the old school library were housed in the new building. Two months later the old Central school was destroyed by fire but thanks to Mr. Hackley, the city had a fine new fireproof library building, thousands of new books, a large well lighted reading room and a room specially equipped for research and reference work.

The destruction of the school in December, 1890, made it necessary for school board to place the 7th and 8th grades in the high school building on Walton street where Central fire station is located. The sophomores and juniors had to give up classrooms and study on the stairways, in basement, at home and anywhere they could find a place. The new library proved a blessing for those of us who had to prepare lessons between recitation periods as we had not only needed books available but a warm and well lighted place in which to study during the winter of 1890-91.

Muskegon was no longer lumber queen in 1890 and several mills had been lost by fire, removal to other states and exhaustion of timber supply. The library dedicated and presented to the city was a symbol of Mr. Hackley's faith in the future of the city. The burning of Central School in December, 1890, was a

blow and meant that a new one would have to be built as soon as possible as it was in the heart of the city, was the largest school and pupils from first through eighth grades had been receiving their start in education there and the offices of the superintendent of schools and Board of Education had been there.

A new high school building had long been needed and discussions of how to raise funds for it had been held by citizens but future appeared too uncertain to warrant action.

In the beginning of 1891 Mr. Hackley made a proposition to have the city vote a bond issue of \$75,000.00 to obtain funds to build the two schools and he would take the bonds and furnish the money and turn the bonds over to the Board of Education and the interest on the bonds to be used by the school board to pay the expense of maintaining the library. That action was taken and thus the building now used for Junior college and Central Junior High school on campus and library are interlocked units.

In May, 1891, another blow struck the city and there was general feeling that the end of Muskegon was at hand. The fire of May 16, 1891, destroyed seventeen city blocks of business places, homes, churches and the county court house. Mr. Hackley kept his word in spite of the dark days and the new schools were built and maintenance of the library provided for and he encouraged the stricken people in burned district to rebuild for a better and greater Muskegon.

The library soon became a source of information and inspiration in school work and also for the public generally.

Since the days of mass production and use of automobiles, motion and talking pictures and radio the library is not used to its fullest extent and a large percentage of the population does not realize the good they could obtain by use of the treasure house which is the library.

Personally I would not be able to carry on my historical work successfully without the aid of the newspaper files containing the history of events as they happened in by gone years and the many valuable books for reference always available and which I would be unable to purchase.

Muskegon Junior College also received a high rating by University of Michigan because of the well stocked library available for use by the students.

Charles H. Yates.

THE OLD NATIONAL BANK
OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

July 3, 1902.

Louis P. Haight, Esq.

My Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of the 2nd. inst., in which you refer to Mr. Charles Hackley, and his history, let me say that it is possible I can write you within a brief time covering some knowledge that I have of Mr. Hackley in the earlier days.

I have great esteem for Mr. Hackley on personal grounds — a fact which he knows very well by the correspondence which has transpired between us from year to year.

What ever contribution I may be able to make to the proposed work which you have in hand I shall most cheerfully give.

Very truly yours,

Harvey J. Hollister.

CHAPTER IX

MUSKEGON IN THE LUMBER DAYS

During the lumber days when C. H. Hackley was making his money Muskegon was not what it is today and to explain the conditions under which he lived and had to work, I am telling some of the things that have been told me.

There were 42 mills around the lake shore, cutting lumber and every man was dependent on the river to get his logs to the mill. The water might be high and in the Spring when the logs were thrown in from the roll ways, the river would be so full of logs that great jams would form, then the water would break out of the channel and often cut a new channel, leaving the logs high and dry on the banks. The men working on these drives, must have been strong, for six of them would often pick up a log and carry it to the water, and any one who has ever lifted on a wet log knows what that means. They would go out on the jams and break out the logs, leaping from log to log in an attempt to get to shore. Often they were in the water and if you have ever been in the water full of floating logs you will know what that means. Death was stalking their every foot step in the woods, when "Timber" was called out and a giant of the forest fell, or a stray limb held in the branches of another tree fell without warning; to the skidding of the logs on the roll-ways, where these logs were piled as can be seen by the photo facing page 41.

These men worked hard and always amidst danger. They had to eat to maintain the energy that was necessary for their work.

Is it any wonder that they ate breakfast at 5:30 A.M., then the chore boy brought to them while at work, a lunch at nine o'clock? They went to the camp at twelve for their dinner of

beef, beans, fresh or salt pork, bread (and it was good bread too) pie and the best of everything that could be gotten. At three or three-thirty they were ready for more food and the chore boy was eagerly looked for as they felled the trees and worked in the cold and snow or rain. Their steaming clothes told of the energy that was being generated by those hard muscles and the man who could stand the strain had to eat five times a day.

At six or six-thirty they returned to camp and had supper. A hard day's work done and the satisfaction that they could do a day's work, for many of these men prided themselves on their ability to swing an ax or fell a tree and many a man who could sink a good ax to its head into a pine tree, worked on the Muskegon in those days.

The evenings were short during the Winters, but these men were as a rule happy and jolly fellows working for \$2 to \$2.50 a day and board. The life was hard and rough, but these men believed in justice, as is shown by many a story of their deeds.

There were thieves and saloons waiting for them when they came to town and were paid off after a hard Winter's work. They did get drunk and the following story may explain their feelings.

The city or mill men seemed to think they were just a little better than the "river dogs" or "drivers" and often a fight started because the river-men resented this feeling and were willing to match their strength with the mill men.

One day a river man came to town and got drunk at a "Red Light" on Spring Street, where the girls stole all of his money and threw him out. When he sobered up and realized that his Winter's work was gone, he went back to the Float up the river and organized a gang of forty men who could use a cant hook and they marched back to Spring Street and each man clinching a part of the sills on that house, carried it bodily with the two girls and two men in the bed and dumped it into Ryerson Creek some rods away. It required some strength to pick up that house and carry it with those cant hooks, but it illustrates the kind of men who lived in Muskegon and worked

here while C. H. Hackley was making the money with which he later blessed this city and many an individual no one ever knew about.

It was these men who later STRUCK for "Ten hours a day or no saw dust." They had been working many hours and their endurance had been exhausted.

For two months Tom Watters, the sheriff, tried to keep these rough men in order. He must have sympathized with them, for he too had labored in the woods and knew their hardships.

Banners waved in the parades they put on, telling the Mill Owners that the time had gone when they were willing to work long hours and demanded "Ten hours a day or no sawdust" as these banners stated, became a reality.

Today the ten hour day seems too long but what would these men have said to a six hour day in 1880?

Life in Muskegon was hard. There was no place for a man to spend his evenings, except at the saloon or boarding house. There was no church until the missionary priest came and then the Methodist organized here; later the Congregationalists built a church but is it any wonder that the lad working long hours in the Giddeon Trusdale's boiler room should have rebelled against the unjust conditions and promised himself that if he was ever able he would give these men a reading room?

As I have studied his life for fifty years, I am more and more impressed with the fact that he was better educated than many a Ph.D. I have known. He was no common Lumber Jack that made his money by getting into the lumber business when anyone who would work, could become rich, if he saved his money and invested it in the pine land at \$1.25 an acre.

While he did not begin to live until he began to give, and he was very retiring and modest, he showed how highly he was educated by looking far into the future to provide for the children of Muskegon, the best in education and development of character, as his famous teacher, Col. McMynn had taught him.

He had the education that he used in making a LIFE as well as a LIVING.

Louis P. Haight.

MUSKEGON AS SEEN FROM 1855 TO 1934

Mrs. John Harkness of 663 Jackson St., Muskegon, told me, in 1934, that she came to Muskegon in 1855 with her father and landed at Bear Lake, where he was to build a mill and because he liked Michigan so much they remained and she has seen Western Michigan grow from the wilderness to what it is today.

She was one of the girls who danced with Charlie Hackley at Sam Worden's place at the Channel where so many dances were held and well remembers those happy days which were so much better than today.

Generally there were 32 young men and women who chartered the Alagoma, a side wheeler that plied on Muskegon Lake, and they sailed to the Mouth for a Saturday evening dance.

In those days when men were working fourteen hours a day, and the women had to put up lunches and cook for hungry men, there was not much time for play during the week, so Saturday night was given up to fun and such relaxation as they could devise.

These dances at Sam Worden's began as soon as the young people could get ready after work and reach the Alagoma at the dock and a supper was generally served after they reached Sam's place. They had music of some kind and danced the square dances until midnight, when a midnight lunch was served and then the dancing went on until daylight.

About seven or eight o'clock Sunday morning 32 tired and sleepy young people sailed back to town but there was nothing of a carousel nature to these dances. They were the only form of pleasure at that time and as Mrs. Harkness adds, the men were very polite and treated us girls like real ladies. In those days the man who dared to insult a young woman on the street was likely to be knocked down by any passerby, for we had no policemen and yet the law was well enforced. "Those were good old days."

The Alagoma was the connecting link between Newaygo and Muskegon at that time, for there was plenty of water for her to sail on the river and there were few if any roads.

Mrs. Harkness gives us a glimpse into Charles H. Hackley's life at this time, and shows that he was one of the young men of the day who enjoyed a good time, but with it all he was always a real gentleman, and she added, I never saw a drunken man at one of those dances."

Later she lived with her husband and young children on the Muskegon River and kept the Spring Boom where the canon was loaded and fired by her many times, when her husband was away and the telephone call from below would tell of the logs needed or to stop them coming.

The house was built over the creek on one side and over the river on the other, where the millions of logs kept floating by.

She used to wish that she might see the places where the logs came from and years later she was taken to Houghton Lake, where the blackened stumps were all that remained of the giant pines that made the fortunes and history of Michigan. She recalled her longing of earlier days when she wished that she might see the place where these pines had grown, and she was pleased that her desire had been satisfied after all the years.

She well remembered the Indians, as she played with the Indian children as a child, when the shore and the woods were filled with these kindly, peaceful people.

It was pleasant to get her ideas of this much wronged tribe she knew so well and she stated that there was not a bad trait nor a trick in the Indian that was not taught him by the White man. They were very apt and learned to speak French and English and I learned some of their language so we could understand each other and they were always kind and polite to me.

They were a very religious people. I remember once when we lived at Shifting Sand, that a company of Indians came with their ponies and camping outfit, to a grove of pines near our home. They pitched their wigwams on Saturday night and made ready for their Sunday, during which they would not even pick a berry. All day long they sang and prayed and my mother would not even ask them to sell her some venison tenderloin, of which she was very fond, for she knew they would not do busi-

ness on their Sunday, but in the afternoon, she sent me with a pail of milk, to express a kindly greeting and I came back leaving the pail. A few hours later the pail was returned with thanks and when we looked in it, there were some venison tenderloins as their expression of the kindness we had shown them.

There were two boys named John and Hank, whose father was killed or went away, and they played with the Harkness children as any white children would, until they grew to be men.

One day they went to town and got drunk. Word was sent to my husband that John and Hank were in Muskegon and drunk.

He immediately harnessed up the horse and started for town. When he found the boys, he told them to get into the wagon and they obeyed like children, although they were powerful men.

When they got home they rolled out of the wagon and lay on the ground until they were sober, then came into the house.

"Why did you not fight Mr. Harkness?" they were asked.

"Why do you always do as he says?"

"He is the only father we have, was their reply, and we have to do as he says."

As a girl Mrs. Harkness learned a poem from her Sixth Reader, which she repeated and it seems to express the Indian's plaint of the past and the White man's reproach for his brutal treatment of this peaceable race, whom he robbed by force and deceit.

Why does the White man follow my path, like a hound on
the tiger's track?

Does the flush of my dark cheek awaken his wrath. Does
he covet this bow at my back?

He has rivers and seas where the billows and breeze bear
riches for him alone

And the son of the wood never plunged in the flood that
the white man calls his own.

Then why should he come to the stream where none but
the red man dare to swim

And the son of the wood never plunged in the flood the
white man calls his own.

The eagle has its place of rest, the wild horse where to dwell
And the spirit that gave the birds a nest gave me a home
as well.

Then go back from the red man's tracks, the hunters eyes
grow dim

To know the white man wronged the one who never did
wrong to him.

Mrs. Harkness added, "I always thought that poem was
about right, for I lived with the Indians and they were intelligent
and kind."

When I was a child and we lived at Bear Lake the light
house keeper's wife used to send me little white beads which the
Indians had made and she picked up on the shore.

I remember when the Indians went to Manistee every Fall to
get their blankets and supplies furnished them by the govern-
ment for more of our neighbors were Indians than white folks.

Life in those days was not hard for Indian or white man as
there was plenty of deer, bear and all kinds of birds which could
be had for the shooting and if one raised a little corn which was
pounded into a meal with a stone that was all that was needed,
as there was plenty of berries and wild fruits to be had for the
picking.

After we moved up Cedar Creek to what is now called Sifting
Sand, my father cleared some land and kept 18 or 20 head of
cattle and grew fine crops. He built the bridge and blazed the
road from Sifting Sands to Newaygo as our house was about
half way and the people going from Muskegon to Newaygo
would often stop overnight with us.

In those days there was always room in your house for one
more.

Later when I was married and living on the Muskegon River
near Trucky Lake, nine river men came to our home and asked
me to board them for a week or ten days while they were putting
in the hard wood logs. I always liked the big husky boys who

rode the logs on the river but I told them I did not have any place for them to sleep and could not take them. "Aren't you going to keep us nine men," they asked? "Just while the hard wood drive goes through? We will sleep in the barn or any place if you will give us something to eat." So I took care of them as I did many another river man and I know they were not as rough as many say they were. Half a dozen might get drunk and walk up Pine street together and if anyone got fresh he was soon cleaned up and I never had a man who was boarding with me who was not a gentleman. They were nice men and I would never ask for better. They were not like the drunks you see today. There was one man I refused to board because one night as my son was walking home on the boon, this big bully told him to get out of the way and pushed my boy into the water. He could swim and soon got out but came home with wet clothes. This man's name was Mr. Hart and when I asked my son how he wet his clothes, I waited until after supper and then said. "Mr. Hart you can go to town, you are all through here." When my husband came home he said to me, "well, if you have got to be foreman of this gang, I might as well go to." The men laughed and said that I did the right thing but Mr. Hart was the only bad thing I had to deal with in all my experiences with lumberjacks.

A woman was perfectly safe on the road or in the woods in those days. I had a nice little chestnut horse which I used to drive to town to get our pay envelopes at the booming company's office and many a time I have come home with \$800.00 in cash under my buggy seat to pay off the men. Sometimes they would ask me to get their pay envelopes when I got our own money and everyone knew I was bringing it out to camp, but no one ever molested me. I wouldn't want to do it now for I might get held up.

I have seen the logs jam in the river and sometimes when they would turn end for end when they struck an obstruction. I have seen the river so full of logs that I could walk across them and once I ran over a jam with my baby in my arms.

Sometimes my husband would wake up at 2 o'clock in the morning and say "I must get up for there is a jam in the river." I never knew how he could tell, but he seemed to sense it.

I have shot that old cannon many a time to tell the men to stop the logs or open the boom and let them go. I had to load it and fit the fuse and sometimes it would go off before I could get away, and would almost blow my head off.

Mrs. Harkness remained quiet for a moment then added, "I wonder where that old cannon is now." It stood by a stump only a few feet from our house. There was a big pine tree down the river which I lined up with our little home so when I was way across the lake I could tell where our house was.

There were plenty of berries in those days. We had five bushels of cranberries in the house at one time, but there were not enough people in Muskegon then to buy that many.

Old Indian Bill Washana always said when spoken to, **Mr. William Washam**, if he was not correctly addressed. He called his four daughters, his boys. He lived on Trucky Lake and Trucky was his son-in-law.

Fred Trott used to scale our logs and has lived with us for days. One day Mr. Beane brought two little girls to our house and said to Fred Trott, "Which of these girls have you picked out for your wife"? Fred stood up and said in a rather aggrieved manner, "Neither of them. My wife must be educated and accomplished." I had not seen Fred Trott for years but when I was the head of the hospital at the county home, Billy Gordon brought out four men to inspect the place and one of them was Fred Trott. After looking around at my seven patients he turned to me and said, "I would not stay here with this bunch all night long if you would give me the city."

Jim McGordon was passing Mrs. Shooler's boarding house while a hearse stood in front of the house waiting for the body of one of the boarders who had died. Jim picked up a man who was walking with him and threw him into the hearse head first; shut the door and turning to the driver gave him a ten dollar bill as he said, "Take him to the cemetery" and the driver drove

off. The man proved to be a very lively corpse and cracked one of the plate glass windows trying to get out. He later sued Jim McGordon for damages but the cracked glass window could be seen in the hearse for years afterwards.

Long John was another Muskegon character. He was very tall and sometimes got drunk. One of his tricks was to throw a ten dollar bill on the side walk and make some short man pick it up. Or he might twist up a ten dollar bill and light his pipe with it. But this was only when he was drunk.

CHAPTER X

STEVE GARRISH LOOSES HIS TIMBER

Life in Muskegon in those days meant working from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M. and the man who had to eat his breakfast at 5:30 in the morning and get to work at 6:00 or in many cases 5:45, did not spend much time in bed, for after his work was done at 8:00 that night, he must have been tired, by his heavy manual labor and only the strong men could endure the long hours.

Mr. William Buckley came to Michigan when Scott Garrish was "King of the Forest" and saw the first street cut out for Cadillac, as he followed the trail through the woods. Cadillac was then one house in the woods, on a trail to the North.

He saw the Michigan pine forests in their glory and told me of the days he spent on the river with the drives and in the woods. His story is of interest here as it illustrates how the men lived and how some of the money was made which later Mr. C. H. gave to the Muskegon children.

Mr. Buckley was born in Tiperrary, Ireland in 1856, and came to Muskegon with his parents on Oct. 5, 1876, and ran the Rear End Drive from 1876 to 1880.

In 1876 Scott Garrish built the Lake George and Muskegon River railroad from Lake George to about nine miles from the Pere Marquette Station to Lake Station and the railroads hastened the destruction of the Michigan pine, according to Mr. Buckley.

When Scott Garrish died about 1881 or 1882, of black small pox, which it was thought he contracted in Canada from the Indians, Hackley and McGordon bought the railroad. Mr. Buckley has rafted and driven many a log for C. H. Hackley, down the Muskegon river.

Before the railroad, the State had built a road from Fairwater to Houghton Lake over which the logs were hauled by a team of horses. It required two and often three days for a man to haul a load of logs over this road, so the railroad was much cheaper.

The best of pine land could be bought in those days for \$1.25 an acre and Steve Hall who was County Treasurer at the time and the first man Mr. Buckley ever worked for, had his ears open for buying it. One day he was in the Post Office getting his mail, when a Cruiser, whom Mr. Garrish, the father of Scott Garrish, had engaged to cruise the land around Houghton Lake, came in and began telling Mr. Garrish of the timber he had found.

Steve Hall turned his back and taking out his pencil marked down the descriptions as they were given and made a note of the BEST ONES, then made plans for going to Lansing to buy the land Mr. Garrish was after. He hired the best team of horses in town and drove them to the next town where he hired a new team and so drove as fast as he could to beat Garrish who was going by train. He reached Lansing before the train arrived and bought the best descriptions. On the way home the next day, Mr. Garrish met Steve Hall and said, "You little Red Rat, you beat me, didn't you?" "Oh, no." replied Steve.

CHAPTER XI

THE HACKLEY FAMILY

The following records are the result of a search made by Mr. H. Farnham Burke, Somerset Herald of the Heralds College, London E. S. in 1901 and are copied from the original manuscript now in the Hackley Library.

The name occurs in Herefordshire, England, at a very early date, when

I. HUGHE DE HACKLUITE

of Eaton Roster, in Leominster, Co. Hereford, the progenitor of this line, appears as sheriff in 1377.

Harl. MS., Brit. Mus.

615,ff.14b.

In the same document, we find that the branch bore:

"Gules three hatchets or,"

and that Hughe de Hackluite had a son named

II. WALTER HACKLUITE

who married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Oldcasell, and had

1. Richard, of whom presently,
2. Thomas,
3. a daughter, who married Richard ap Henry,
4. a daughter, who married Edward Cornewall,

III. RICHARD HACKLUITE

the eldest son, married, according to said document, Maulde, daughter of Roger Vaughan, and had issue:

Ibid,fo.14b,15

1. Ralfe, who married Isabella, daughter and co-heir of Thomas de Corbete of Cawllethe, and had

- i. Waltere,
- ii. Gyles,

- iii. Johne,
 - iv. Ralfe,
 - v. Richard,
 - vi. Leonard,
 - vii. William,
 - viii. Henrye,
 - ix. Johne,
 - x. Thomas,
 - xi. Anne,
 - xii. Eleonore,
2. Henry, of whom presently,

IV. HENRY HACKLUITE

of Whitefield, married a daughter of Cassey of Whitefield, of Gloster, and had:

Ashmolean Library, 831.
Harl. Soc.,xxi,p.244

V. RICHARD HACKLUITE

of Yetton, Co. Hereford (Eaton in Leominster), who married Sibill, a daughter of Symonde Maylborne, of Tillington, and had:

- 1. Thomas, who married Margaret, daughter of Robert Angmondisham, and had
 - i. John, who married Elynor Knyll, and had
 - a. Thomas, of Yetton, who married, 1.
Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Threntain, of Rossiter, Co. Stafford. No Issue.
Ibid; Vis. of Stafford, 1583, 140. He married:
- 2. Fortune, dau. of Sir Robert Acton of Ribford, Co. Wors., and had:
 - Harl MS., 1514 Vis. Worc., 1569, HarlMs. 1043, fo.5, 11,1566,36,1486,1b,1352,4b
 - Elizabeth,
 - Richard, q. v.
 - Henry,bt.June S. 1561, sold Eaton,
 - Edmond,

Richard Hackler, Hackluit, Hackley, above, born in 1552, became chaplain of the Savoy, prebendary of Bristol, 1586, rector of Wetheringsett Suff., 1590, Prebendary of Westminster, 1602, Archdeacon there 1616, famous for his collection of voyages and

discoveries, married twice, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, Nov. 26, 1616.

- b. Sibill,
- c. Elisabeth,
- d. Alys,
- e. George, d. 1538, Ash, 831, Harl.MS.1545
- ii. John, died without issue,
- iii. Sibill, married Thos. Rehlde,
Ibib.
- 2. Roger, of whom presently,

VI. ROGER HACKLEY

or "Rogeris Ackley", or "Atcherley" as his name also was written, of Akton, Co. Salop (Shropshire), married,

- 6. Edward IV., i.e. 1466, Anne, daughter of Anne Hadey, and had
Shrewsbury MSS., Brit.Mus. fo. 123a., Harl., MS.,1396, fo. 130, Vis. of Shropshire 1623,
- 1. Anna, who married Hugo Hybbyns, of Weo. Co. Salop,
- 2. Thomas (Ackley), of Stanwardine, who was father of
 - i. Sir Roger (Ackerly) Acheley, Hackerly), Knt., who became **Mayor of London**, in 1511. The Ackerley or Hackley of Stanwardine, Shropshire, bore, as armory: Gules, on a fesse engrailed argent, between three griffins head erased or, three crosses patee fitchee sable:
Shrewsbury MSS.,fo.65a.
Sir Roger (Achley) married Blyth, daughter of Edmond Moore and Cath., dau. of Jno. Chattoke, Mayor of Norwich.
Vis., of Norfolk, Harl.MS. 1552,fo.143b,137b, 1563
- 3. Roger, of whom presently,
- 4. Richard, o.s.p.,

VII. ROGER HACKLEY

"filius Rogeris Ackley et Anne, ux. suis", married, March 17, 1500, Margaret, daughter of Richard Wythem, whose daughter, Elizabeth married George Jackson, of Bretynby, Yorkshire, whose descendants were apothecaries of London, and married in St. Dionis Parish there. A great-grandson of this George Jackson, Robert, was a fuller (cloth-worker) of London, where he married

in 1611, Barbara Hallet, daughter of Wm. Hallett, of Handley, Co. Dorset (whose son, William, emigrated to Astoria, L.I.). Robert Jackson had a son, Robert, who emigrated to Hempstead, L.I.

For the previous data, see:

Vis. of Tork, 1584; Ebor Civitas, 25; Minute Book, f. 64; Reg. Test. ix, 355; Hunter: Hist. of Doncaster, iii, 36; Surtees: Durham, ii, 183; Morant: Essex, ii, 357; St. Dionis Par. Reg.; Hallet, Caius, Harvey, Washburne Coll.

1. Johannes, born in 1501, married and removed to Hopton Castle, Shopshire, where he had a daughter
 - i. Margaret (Hagley), bapt. Jan. 20, 1542, who was buried Oct. 2, 1543.

Hopton Castle Par. Reg.

2. Richard, born May 4, 1503, of whom presently;
3. Matilda, born Dec. 11, 1506, also of Hopton Castle.

In 1548, on Oct. 29, Roger Hackley, of Hopton Castle, and Margaret, his wife, grant to Richardus Wall, of Hopton Castle, a rent of 6d. arising out of three acres of land with appurtenances which Roger Ackley had in fee in Acton.

Notes on the manor, 8.

(Hopton Castle is situated a few miles south-east of Acton).

VIII. RICHARD HAGLEY

born May 4, 1503, in Acton, Shopshire, appeared early at Hopton Castle with his brother, Johannes, and his sister, Matilda, and married there Oct. 29, 1548, Maud (Mathilda) Wall, daughter of Richard Wall:

"Richus Ragley, duxit in uxorem suam Maud Wall"

Hopton Castle Par. Reg.

He died there and was buried, "sep." June 17, 1591, and his widow, Matilda Hagley, buried Sept. 22, 1593.

They had issue:

1. Dorothy, bapt. Febr. 1550,
2. William, b. Jan. 11, 1551, of whom presently;
2. Edward, b. May 3, 1553; Edward Atcheley, merchant tailor, of St. George, Botolph Lane, London, married by general license, dated Sept. 25, 1587, Margaret Frier, spinster, St. George dau. of Thomas Frier of Richerden, Co. Salop (Shropshire), "agricole" (farmer).

Bishop of London marriage licenses.

3. John, b. Nov. 12, 1555, "John Hacklye", buried Sept. 12, 1582. St. Thomas the Apostle Par. R. London.

4. Dorothy, born Apr. 1, 1557, married, as his second wife, Anthony, son of Robert Fairebank, of St. Edmunds, Lombard St., London. Anthon Fearebank with his first wife, Dorothy Mylles, had a son, George, whose son, George Fairebanck, of Halifac, Co. York made his will in 1650, and sent a copy thereof, in an envelope directed "from George Fairebanck to his Loving Cusn Jonathan Fayrebanke in new England." (George Fairebank had a sister, Dorothy, who married a silk-weaver of St. Leonard, London). Jonathan, above, emigrated in the "Griffin" to Boston, 1633.

IX. WILLIAM ACKLEY

born Jan. 11, 1551, became a grocer in London, and married, June 9, 1581, as per license, at St. Andrew Hubbard, the widow Johanna Chattfield.

Mar. Lic. Bish. of London.

(She was widow of John Chatfield who had been constable of Lewes, Sussex, and died in London, May 7, 1576).

Lewes Town Book, His. of Lewes, by Horsford, p. 42. John Chatfield had a brother, Richard.

Harl. MS. 892, fo. 9a Sus. Arch. Coll. 39:107

whose great-grandsons, Francis, Thomas and George emigrated from Oving, Sussex to Guilfords, Conn., 1639.

Hist. of Oving, by Rev. Davey; P.C.C., Hervey, Brent, Goare, &c.

William Ackeley and Johanna, his wife, had issue:

1. John, born March 24, 1582, of whom presently;
2. Thomas, born June 2, 1583; had two sons:
 - i. Daniel, b. Nov. 24, 1620 in Sibdon Carwood, Shopshire,
 - ii. Thomas, b. Nov. 12, 1621 "son of Thomas Hacluit and Margaret".

Sibdon Carwood Par. R.

3. Stephen, had a son,
 - i. William, b. Feb. 26, 1609 in St. James, Clerkenwell, London.

St. James Reg.

- ii. Mary, who married, July 5, 1640, Robt. Mitchell.

Ibid.

4. Katherine, b. Oct. 19, 1588, married, Apr. 11, 1608, Henrie Clem, at St. James.

Ibid.

"Katherine Clem, widow of Henrie, on July 10, 1621, conveyed to her brother, Thomas of Sibdon Carwood, Shrop-

shire, a messuage and a garden there, inherited from her husband, Henrie Clem, deceased."

Town rec.

Marshall Coll.

X JOHN HACKLEY

born March 24, 1582, married, May 3, 1603, Mary, daughter of Peter Gates, of London and Mary Joselyn, daughter of Edward Josselyn and Mary Lambe,

Vis. of Essex, 1612, 225

Gates Gen.

whose brother, Thomas Gates married, at St. James, Clerkenwell, Joane Lebaud, and secondly, there, Christina Culdham. Thomas Gates eldest son, Stephen, of Upton, Norfolk, Norwich, Norfolk, Hingham, Norfolk, married in St. Dunstan, London, Anne, daughter of William Hill, and Emigrated in the "Diligent" from Ipswich, 1638 to Hingham, Mass. His son, Thomas, settled at Norwich, Conn.

Idid. Town Rec.

St. James Reg.

Assize Rolls,

John Hacklyte abd Mary (Gates) Hackyet, his first wife, had two children:

1. Jane, born March 2, 1604, who as "Jaine Akerley", married, in St. James, July 21, 1622, William Thomas,
2. John, son of John Hackley, bapt. July 13, 1606 in St. James. Died May 11, 1609.

John Hagley married, secondly, July 2, 1617, at Hampton Castle, Shropshire, Eleanor Wyman, daughter of Thomas Wyman of St. James, Clerkenwell, London, a "fuller" (Cloth-worker) and had

Hampton Castle Reg.

3. Hanna, bt. Dec. 23, 1621,
4. John, bt. Jan. 24, 1623, buried July 20, 1624.
5. John, bt. Sept. 16, 1625, of whom presently;
6. Hugo, bt. June 2, 1628, bur. 1630.
7. Oliver, bt. Dec. 19, 1630.
8. Maria, bt. Apr. 6, bur. Nov. 15, 1633.
9. Daniel, bt. Nov. 6, Bur. Dec. 31, 1634.
10. Joan, bt. Oct. 19, 1635.
11. Thomas, bt. June 4, 1638.

12. Charles, bt. May 18, 1641.

(The name is variously spelled Hacklye, Hagley, Agley, Ackley, Hackluit).

John Hackley was churchwarden 1604-1658.

Hampton Castle Reg.

13. Nicholas, bt. Febr. 21, 1642, in St. Ansel, emigrated to Hartford, Conn., living afterwards at East Haddan where he died, Apr. 29, 1695. His name was written Ackley.

J. J. Howard Coll.

Hartford Ptob. Rec., v,213,

iv,4,vii,94,Hist. Sharon, Conn.

Hist. Mdx Co. 198.

XI. JOHN HACKLEY

bapt. Sept. 16, 1625 in Hapton Castle, Shropshire, called "Sr", married St. Anselm, June 3, 1652, Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Bailey (whose brother Simeon Bailey, of London, with wife, Elizabeth Morris, had a son, John Bailey, who (with wife Margaret Reeve) emigrated to Salisbury, Mass., a weaver by trade).

Huntington rec., 181;

Howard Coll., Vis. of London.

Nicholas Ackley, of St. Anselm, on May 3, 1661, conveyed to his brother, John Hackley, of Hampton Castle, four acres of land there.

Ibid.

Peter Bailey, of Hampton Castle, late of St. James Parish Clerkenwell, London, on Sept. 18, 1679 made the following disposition, aged 58 (hence born in 1621):

"He saith that about five weeks since on a tewsdays, the said John Hackley did Cause his wife Jane to call on his examinate, going in the street before his doors, to come to him, which he, the examinate did. John Hackley said: "Neighbors, here is neither Minister nor clerk at home, and I would make my will how I dispose of my goods . . ." (End of disposition).

Ecclesiastical Proceedings,

W f 59b.

Jane, here mentioned was a second wife of John Hackley, whom she had married, Feb. 2, 1659 at Broome, Shropshire. She died and was buried at Hampton Castle, Shropshire, March 14, 1680: "Jane wife of John Hackley bur."

Hopton Castle Reg.

"John Hackley of Hopton, Senr., bur. Oct. , 1684."

Ibid.

John Hackley had with his first wife, Elizabeth (Bailey) Hackley:

1. Peter, born March 19, 1653, of whom presently:

Ibid. Howard Coll.

2. Jane, born Jan. 2, 1654, married, May 3, 1672, Thomas Ogden, son of John Ogden and Anne (daughter of Joseph Richardson. This John Ogden married, secondly, Apr. 19, 1638, Judith, daughter of John Budd, and emigrated to Stamford, Conn. where he lived in 1682 leaving issue.

John Ogden had an uncle, Richard, born at Bailey Plain, May 15, 1568, who married a daughter of Samuel Huntington and Margaret, daughter of Jasper Crane. (Jasper Crane emigrated to Newark, N.J., his daughter, Hannah, son of Simon, the emigrant).

Richard Ogden, above, had in 1597, Nov. 13, of George Beach of New Sarum, Wilt., freehold lands, for which he paid L10 pr. annum. This George Beach had four sons, who all emigrated, Thomas to Milford, Conn.; Richard to New Haven, Conn.; John to Stratford, Conn.

Vis. of Hants, Reg, of Crichel, Westbury, Ellingham, Hants., Hutchins, Dorset, Bradley Palin rec., Reg. Holly Trinity, Hull, Pavers Mar, Lic., St. Michel Reg., Howard Coll., 41, Richardson Gen., Bramshaw rec., Huntington rec., P.C.C., Dale, 69, Bitton Reg. Harl.MS.5802,3

3. Nicholas, born June 11, 1655, to whom John Hackley, "in consideration of natural love and affection, on Aug. 19, 1676, conveyed four acres of ground, with appurtenances, a garden in Hampton Castle."

John Hackley had with his second wife, Jane:

4. John, born Nov. 19, 1659, married, Jan. 3, 1685, Elizabeth, daughter of John Holmes, and had:
 - i. Elizabeth, bt. Apr. 9, 1686,
 - ii. Mary, "the elder" and
 - iii. Martha, "the next born," bt. Dec. 9, 1687, twin daughters of John Hagley and Elizabeth, of Hagley,
 - iv. John, by. May 13, 1690, bur. Febr. 8th;
 - v. Jane, bt. Oct. 17, 1692,
 - vi. Hannah, bt. May 30, 1695,
 - vii. Jone, bt. Oct. 1, 1697,
5. Mary, bt. Jan. 29, 1664, "dau. of John Hagley and Jone." Administration was granted, Oct. 23, 1684 after John Hackley,

Senr., to the eldest son, then in England, Nicholas Hackley, the eldest son, Peter, being "across the seas". Relatives of Peter Hackley, the Odgens, Richardsons, Budd, Beach, Huntington, Baileys, etc., had emigrated to the New World, some settling in Connecticut, and his own uncle, Nicholas Hackley (or as written, phonetically probably) Ackley, had settled at Hartford, Conn., and later on at East Haddam.

XII. PETER HACKLEY

Born March 19, 1653, emigrated before his father's death in 1684, but does not appear at Jordon (now Waterford) Conn., before 1694, when he erected a fulling mill on the Nahantick River, below the highway," where the fresh stream falls into the salt water."

About the same time John Prentiss erected a saw-mill at Nahantic; he was a blacksmith, who had been invited to come from Roxbury, Mass., and became an inhabitant of New London, Conn. This John Prentiss was born March 6, 1691, and married, Sept. 29, 1715 in Newton, removing afterwards to Preston, New London Co., Conn.

His daughter could not have a son, born in 1715, (the year when Peter Hackley's first son was baptised).

It does not appear as if any other Prentices had removed to New London Co. Conn.

There are reasons, however to believe that Peter Hackley's wife was Rebecca Minard, a daughter of George Minard, of Folding, Hampshire, who had come from Hapton Castle, Shropshire, and whose people had lived around St. James, Clerkenwell, London. See later on.

In a Diary by Joshua Hempstead, Justice of the Peace, ect. of New London:

New London Co. Hist. Soc.

Coll. I., 51

we find the following entries:

1. Marshall, "son of Peter Hackley, baptized Thursday, Dec. 1, 1715."

2. John, "a son of Peter Hackley baptized Oct. 1, 1719."

"July 18, 1725 Peter Hackley and **Rebekah Minard** took into ye church".

"March 11, 1736, Peter Hackley, aged 83 years Died. He hath been confined to his bed many years, by lameness in one of his knees".

March 18, 1736, afternoon, I went out to **Thomas Minors** where Peter Hackley formerly lived to take Evidences to Prove said Hackley's will, the executors presenting it."

George Mynard of Fording Bridge, Hampshire had a daughter, Rebecca, and William Mynard, who died in New London, Conn., 1711, an emigrant from England, was heir to his brother, named Thomas Minard.

Marshall Hackley the eldest son, of Lebanon, married Oct. 3, 1739, Hannah, (b. Sept. 26, 1716) daughter of John Able, (and Rebecca Slocum), of Norwich, Conn., had a son,

-Samuel born Oct. 1, 1740 at Lebanon,

Hyde Gen.-59

The second son

XIII. JOHN HACKLEY

bapt. Oct. 1, 1719 at New London, married Catherine Lathrop (born Aug. 11, 1720), daughter of Israel Lathrop, Jr., of Norwich, Conn., and Mary Fellows. The wife at the time of marriage resided at Lebanon, Conn.

Ibid., p. 1059.

Lathrop Gen. -, 79.

Israel Lathrop in his will, dated March 22, 1758, refers to "my daughter Catherine Hackley." John Hackley and Catherine had issue:

John, Dr. Simeon, Andrew, Ezekiel, Levi, Freelove, Anne, Susan, and Edna.

Of these children:

— Andrew born in 1755 at Lebanon, married in 1780 Hanna (born April 27, 1760), daughter of Zebulon Metcalf and Lydia Bourn.

He settled first at New Lebanon, N.Y., and afterwards, at Plainfield, N.Y., where the wife died in 1836.

He died in 1836 at Bridgewater. They had:

-Hannah, b. 1781, m. 1815, Sam. Howe,

-Lydia, b. 1782, d. unm. 1800,

-Lucy, b. 1782, m. Asa R. Palmer,

-Sophia, b. 1791, d. 1814 at Plainfield, N.Y., unm.

-Caroline, b. 1793, m. 1811 Gurdon Turner,

-Nancy b. 1795, m. 1844, Jonathan McFarland,

-Elisabeth, b. 1797, m. 1817, Jared Clark,

Hyde Gen., 1059

XIV. DR. SIMEON HACKLEY

born June 13, 1748 at Norwich, died at Plainfield, N.Y., May 19, 1823, married 1774, Lydia Cogswell born at Farmington, Conn., Jan. 27, 1752, died at Plainfield, Jan. 18, 1838.

Dr. Simeon Hackley and Lydia Cogswell had:

- Sabina b. Jan. 6, 1776, d., March 5, 1863
- Lydia, b. Nov. 8, 1777, d, May 5, 1817,
- Dr. John, b., 17 d April 11, 1871.
- Roger, b. Jan. 12, 1782
- Luna, b. Apr. 29, 1784, d., June 5, 1811,
- Roswell, b., Apr. 23, 1786, d., Aug. 21, 1864,
- Sylvia, b., July 29, 1789, d., Aug. 22, 1878,
- Phebe, b., July 13, 1792, d., May 14, 1841.
- Ezekiel, b., May 25, 1794, d., ..., 1891,
- Mary, b., Apr. 2, 1797,

Dr. Simeon Hackley enlisted as a private in the 17th Regiment and served in Albany Co. New York and was granted Land Bounty Rights.

See New York in the Revolution by T. A. Roberts, 2d edition, Albany, N.Y., 1898, page 238.

Dr. Simeon Hackley was clerk of the New Lebanon Church for 26 years and much of the early history of this old Valley was written by his hand.

The soil was not fertil. He had studied medicine and his family were growing to maturity. He had accumulated some wealth and had the Land Bounty Rights because of his service in the war of 1812.

Before traveling to the New West, which this man sought in 1808, I give the following records for the benefit of other Hackleys who may wish the information.

Sabina Hackley, daughter of Dr. Simeon and Lydial Cogswell, married Asa Bishop, b., Aug. 6, 1769, d., March 5, 1863 and they had issue:

- Sabina, b., Feb. 12, 1795,
- James, b., Feb. 26, 1797,
- Molly b., April 22, 1799,
- Asa W., b., June 25, 1801,
- Samson, b., June 23, 1804,
- Leander H., b., May 4, 1806,
- Nehemiah, b., Aug. 13, 1809,
- John Edson b., Feb. 9, 1812,
- Miriam, b., Nov. 6, 1815,
- Samantha, b., July 20, 1819.

Lydia, daughter of Dr. Simeon Hackley and Lydia Cogswell, was born Nov. 11, 1777, married Berry Carter and they had

- Thomas, b., Oct. 8, 1797,
- Amanda, b., Jan. 1, 1800,
- Lina b., May 25, 1802,
- Luna H., b., May 29, 1805,
- Erdine, b., April 19, 1808,
- Erastus, b., March 10, 1812,
- Anna Maria, b., Sept. 16, 1814,
- Hackley b., May 10, 1817.

Dr. John Hackley, son of Dr. Simeon and Lydia Cogswell, married Roxana Hubbard March 14, 1804, and they had:

- Salinus, b., May 4, 1805,
- Hubbard Sylvester, b., Sep. 15, 1807, d., June 6, 1811,
- Edwin Alonzo, b., Feb. 24, 1810, d., Aug. 3, 1851,
- Luna, b., July 15, 1812, d., April 8, 1883,
- John Sylvester, b., April 30, 1815, d., Oct. 10, 1823,
- Asa Hubbard, b. Dec. 9, 1817, d., 1898,
- Martha Ann, b., April 29, 1821, d., Aug. 12, 1874,
- Samuel, b., April 10, 1826,
- Roxana, b., March 12, 1827, d., Nov. 18, 1845,
- Dorcas, b., Feb. 23, 1824, d., Aug. 13, 1866.

She married Ashahel D. Southworth and they had:

- Willie, b., Aug. 18, ???4, d., Oct. 18, 1859,
- Frank, b., Dec. 28, 1850, d., Jan. 10, 1864,
- Mary Luna, b., July 31, 1862,
- John Willard, b., 1832,
- Simeon, March 6, 1833.

Roger, son of Dr. Simeon Hackley and Lydia Cogswell, married Eunice Preston, Jan. 25, 1807 and had issue:

- Zuba or Synba, b., Sep. 8, 1808,
- Frederick, b., April 9, 1812,
- George, b., Nov. 10, 1814,
- Harriet, b., May 10, 1817,
- Luna, b., Oct. 20, 1819.

XV. ROSWELL HACKLEY

son of Dr. Simeon Hackley and Lydia Cogswell, born April 23, 1786, at New Lebanon, N.Y., died at Crown Point Ind., Aug. 21, 1864; married Orra Davis at New Lebanon, N.Y., of whom later, Sylvia Hackley, daughter of Dr. Simeon Hackley and Lydia

Cogswell, married Elias Fitch and they had issue:

- Peabody,
- Charles,
- Livia,
- George.

Phebe, daughter of Dr. Simeon and Lydia Cogswell married Miles Benham, b., Dec. 12, 1776, d., Dec. 15, 1818.

Ezekiel, son of Dr. Simeon and Lydia Cogswell, married Sarah Limley, Sept. 25, 1817, at Litchfield, N.Y. and they had

- Lydia Bishop,
- Francis S.,
- Levant E.
- Orlando D.

Mary, daughter of Dr. Simeon and Lydia Cogswell, married A. M. Caulkins of Hillsdale, Michigan.

Leander H. Bishop, son of Sabina and Asa Bishop, b., Jan. 6, 1776, married Margaret Dietz and they had issue:

- Rev. William D.,
- Ann, who married a Mr. Post or Porl,
- Mattie, who married a Rev. E. P. Hart,
- Helen, who married a Mr. Stroud.

Nehemiah Bishop, b., Aug. 13, 1809, son of Sabina Hackley and Asa Bishop, married Mary Potter, in 1834, and had issue:

- Charles,
- Elizabeth,
- Frances Hackley,
- Mary.

This Elizabeth Bishop married S. F. Ramage and had a son Robert C.

This Frances Hackley Bishop married Rebecka Brown and had, Charles, Lizzie, Mary, Grey, Harriet and Frances.

XV. ROSWELL HACKLEY

born, April 23, 1786, married Orra Davis at New Lebanon, N.Y. and had issue:

- Eliza,
- Mary,
- Joseph, b., Nov. 4, 1810, d., Jan. 8, 1874,
- Edwin,
- Emily.

XVI. JOSEPH HACKLEY

married Salina Fuller, (b., Jan. 7, 1816, d., Aug. 16, 1864), Jan. 5, 1836 and they had issue:

- Charles Henry, b., Jan. 3, 1837, d., Feb. 2, 1905,
- Emily,
- Helen Amanda,
- Edwin, b., Dec. 26, 1838, d., May 12, 1875,
- Porter, b., Apr. 4, 1847, d., June 21, 1884.

XVII. CHARLES HENRY HACKLEY

the last of this long line of Hackley's from 1377 to 1905 which shows a sheriff of Eaton, Richard Hackluite or Hackley, Chaplin of the Savoy, Rector of Westminster and whose wonderful collection of voyages is said to have made Columbus set out for the land to the West of the setting sun, whatever that might be.

Sir Thomas Ackley of Stanwarddine was Mayor of London in 1511 and bore armory.



From left to right, Lyman Lunsfors, vice-president of Paul M. Wiener Foundry Co.; James Seyferth, representing the West Michigan Steel Foundry; Erwin Jonel, vice-president of the Lakey Foundry & Machine Co.; Robert J. Mason, secretary-manager of the Muskegon Manufacturer's association; George W. Cannon, chairman of the board of Campbell, Wyant and Cannon Foundry Co. and chairman of the donor's committee; Adam Pyle, Jr., president of the Pyle Pattern and Manufacturing Co.; E. W. Beach, chief of engineering department at C.W.C.; Supt. C. W. Bemmer of the Muskegon schools; and Richard B. Warren, assistant superintendent.

CHAPTER XII

MUSKEGON'S NEW LIFE

Muskegon was once known as the LUMBER QUEEN OF THE WORLD while millions of feet of pine lumber were shipped to rebuild Chicago and the far WEST, but as the pine gave out she was destined to become "ONLY a WAY STATION on the Pere Marquette R.R." as other cities have done.

It was Mr. Hackley's faith and desire to build a BETTER CITY, that made Muskegon what it is today, for he invested not only his millions of dollars here, but his very life and energy, so no boy might have an EXCUSE for not making the most of his life. There was no place to spend an evening, but the Boarding House or the Saloon, when he was shoveling saw dust into the Old Boiler, to "keep the saws singing," but he wanted a Reading Room where he might study and improve his mind.

It was in that Boiler Room that he promised himself that he would give Muskegon a Reading Room, when he became a millionaire. No one knew of that promise, but it had to be kept and was. He began with \$7.00 when he came to Muskegon. He worked hard and saved his money, so he could give us what he so much wanted but did not have. He looked far into the Future, and saw the day coming, when lumber would be used less and iron more, so he added the Foundry to the Manual Training School, but for the past 18 years it has not been used. Thanks to the Business Men of this City, headed by Mr. George W. Cannon as Chairman, this old foundry has become a STANDARD FOUNDRY, with the latest designs in equipment and the best of methods, with very competent instruction. Here the LUMBER QUEEN is to be changed into the CITY of IRON, by the boys who will be instructed in the latest ideas in casting iron and other metals. Here teachers for other Manual Training Schools, can be trained and there may be a future Edison giving us a NEW IDEA developed here.

These Business men are not satisfied with the BEST of today, but are looking forward to the best in 1960 and far beyond, for here some boy may get an idea that will revolutionize the iron business of the World.

The World is GROWING and those who are not willing to study and grow with the NEW LIFE that is seen here, will be left on the SIDELINES, as the PLAYERS do the real work and go on to make—a BETTER WORLD.

These Business men have given their Chairman, Mr. George W. Cannon great assistance and supplied the money, but he has been more than efficient in taking the TORCH of LEARNING, that Mr. Hackley gave him, and is PASSING IT ALONG.

To him and his associates, Muskegon extends our hearty thanks for the NEW LIFE they have added to the Manual Training School Foundry.



Left, the medallion, which the Donors Committee commissioned Beaver Edwards, Detroit sculptor, to make memorializing the formal transfer of the model foundry in the Hackley Manual Training school to the Muskegon public schools, and, right, one of the souvenir copies poured by the foundry class, at the grand opening. The bas-relief is of Charles H. Hackley who established the Manual Training school here in 1896.

CHAPTER XIII
MR. GEORGE W. CANNON'S ADDRESS
AT DONOR'S DINNER FEB. 15TH

Your Honor, Mayor De Vette, the Honorable Board of Education, distinguished guests, gentlemen of the Press and fellow contributors:

Fifty-two years ago the generous benefactor of our City, Charles H. Hackley, among other gifts, gave us a Manual Training School in order that the youth of our community might receive the basic training necessary to a livelihood in trades other than those connected with the passing of the lumber industry, which was the foundation of the growth and wealth of our city. In the lists of trades he selected for the school was that of the foundry—the production of iron castings.

The equipment of this section consisted of a coupola, two molding benches, and a tumbling barrel—adequate equipment as of 1896—and said to be the second school foundry in the United States.

Cumbersome of operation, and possibly the difficulty in securing instructors in the art, this section of the school was discontinued about 20 years ago.

I will not recount the reasons or motives leading to its re-establishment, except to say that this representative gathering testifies to your keen and enthusiastic interest in the union of the forces of Industry, Labor and Education which have so successfully and fully rehabilitated in the 1950 pattern the foundry section of the Hackley Manual Training School.

Some of you have intimately associated with the project since its inception nearly two years ago, and many have offered constructive ideas and helpful criticism. To all of you I express the sincere thanks of the Donors Committee for your enthusiasm and thoughtful appraisal of our work which is so necessary to overcome the endless difficulties encountered in such an enterprise.

Today you have seen with your own eyes the scope and potential of the foundry school enterprise. Certainly there are

no adequate words of mine which can add to the stature of this project. The mold has been cast and the finished product has reached the inspection bench where you already passed judgment as our special guest inspectors.

I hope that during this period of contact between the educational and industrial forces that have worked shoulder to shoulder in this undertaking, that we of industry have not overstepped our bounds in carrying out what we conceive to be our part of the project. If we have—forgive us, and attribute it to our high pitched enthusiasm.

Each of us has learned that the worthwhile things in life require application, yet in this devotion to a single purpose there is satisfaction that comes of a job well done and an objective accomplished.

I feel that in the "MUSKEGON PLAN" we have made it possible for our youngest generation to master a certain skill at the highest level of achievement. Certainly one of the by-products of this project will be that students of today will be fired with enthusiasm for a career in foundry work, so that when they reach maturity, they in turn will meet the challenge and see that this project does not fall into dis-use or what we accomplished here in Muskegon will have been done in vain.

In closing I would like to say, this is to me a great moment. A moment of reflection on things done, but it also is a reminder of things yet to be accomplished and I hope that all of us will feel that our continued interest in this project is an essential part of our citizenship in Muskegon.

From the bottom of a heart overflowing with gratitude, I say thank you for all you have done.

I now introduce Mr. Robert J. Mason, Manager-Secretary of the Muskegon Manufacturers Association, who is the Treasurer of the Association's Donors Committee for Foundry Education.

The following guests were present at the dinner given by THE DONOR'S COMMITTEE, at the Occidental Hotel Feb. 14th 1949.

At the SPEAKER'S TABLE

- G. W. Cannon—Chairman of the Board, C.W.C. Fdry. Co., Muskegon
 H. J. De Vette—Mayor, Muskegon
 Dr. W. B. Steele—President, Board of Education, Muskegon
 C. W. Bemmer—Supt. of Schools, Muskegon
 Dr. R. Wenrich—State Department of Public Instruction
 Lansing, Mich.
 G. W. Manning—Principal, Muskegon Sr. High School,
 Muskegon
 R. B. Warren—Asst. Supt of Schools, Muskegon
 E. Huttenga—Director of Vocational Training, Muskegon
 R. J. Mason—Sec.-Mgr., Muskegon Manufacturers Association,
 Muskegon
 W. W. Maloney—Secretary, American Founders Society,
 Chicago
 W. A. Hallberg—Metallurgist, Lakey Fdry., Muskegon
 L. E. Roark—Executive Vice President, National Foundry Assn.
 Chicago
 I. R. Wagner—Past President, National Foundry Association,
 Indianapolis
 H. E. Ladwig—Director of N. F. A., Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee

At Tables

- E. R. Jones—Vice President, Lakey Fdry., Muskegon
 J. O. Ostergren—President, Lakey Fdry., Muskegon
 L. L. Snyder—Regional Director, A.F.L., West Michigan Steel,
 Muskegon
 N. J. Workman—Vice President, Muskegon Hdwe. & Supply,
 Muskegon
 C. A. Bosworth—Chief of Vocational Dept. M.S.C., East Lansing
 H. P. Skinner—Asst. Voc. Director, Muskegon
 G. Fisher—Secretary, Fisher Steel & Supply, Muskegon
 F. A. De Yoe—Board of Education, Muskegon
 J. N. Dykema—Board of Education, Muskegon

- P. A. Johnson—Grand Haven Brass, Grand Haven, Mich.
 Wally George—Booz-Allen & Hamilton, Chicago
 L. L. Landman—Atty. Board of Education, Muskegon
 W. J. Cannon—Secy.-Treas., Nugent Sand Co., Muskegon
 W. C. Eyke—Secy., Steel Fabricating Co., Muskegon
 E. A. Nichols—Board of Education, Muskegon
 C. N. Poppen—Board of Education, Muskegon
 W. G. Hayes—Director of Purchases, C.W.C. Fdry. Co.,
 Muskegon
 A. J. Archambault—Fdry. Instructor, Hackley Manual Training
 School, Muskegon
 E. W. Beach—Engineering Executive, C.W.C. Fdry. Co.,
 Muskegon
 D. L. Campbell—Behel and Waldie and Briggs, Chicago
 G. L. Briggs—Vice President, Behel and Waldie and Briggs,
 Chicago
 R. W. Eggert—Staff, Chronicle, Muskegon
 J. R. Seyferth—Asst. to President, West Michigan Steel,
 Muskegon
 H. C. Wagner—Executive Vice President, Hackley Union
 National Bank, Muskegon
 L. P. Haight—C. H. Hackley's Biographer, Muskegon
 C. D. McNamee—Managing Editor, Muskegon Chronicle,
 Muskegon
 S. H. Davis—Research Laboratory, C.W.C. Fdry. Co., Muskegon
 W. G. Grant—General Manager, P. M. Wiener Fdry. Co.,
 Muskegon
 P. J. Ramberg—President, Ramberg Construction Co., Muskegon
 C. D. Anderson—President, Anderson Pattern, Inc., Muskegon
 A. V. Gell—Superintendent, Shaw Box Crane, Muskegon
 H. C. BeMent—Melting Superintendent, C.W.C. Fdry. Co.,
 Muskegon
 R. G. Greiner—Dir. of Vocational Training, Allis-Chalmers,
 Milwaukee
 R. F. Flora—Asst. Treas. & Metallurgist, Clover Fdry. Co.,
 Muskegon

- C. J. Lonnee—Plant Manager & Asst. Sec., Clover Fdry. Co., Muskegon
- F. J. Walls—District Sales Representative, International Nicel Co., Detroit, Mich.
- R. C. Riecks—Foundry Manager, Ford Motor Co., Detroit
- A. E. Rhoads—President, Engineering Casting, Inc., Marshall, Michigan
- B. W. Schafer—Representative, Kuhlman Electric Co., Bay City, Mich.
- R. C. Sundquist—Treasurer, Lakey Fdry., Muskegon
- L. C. Thunfors—Vice President, P. M. Wiener Fdry., Muskegon
- G. W. Myers—Vice President, West Michigan Steel, Muskegon

CHAPTER XIV

February 14, 1949

PRESENTATION OF FOUNDRY EQUIPMENT

FROM: Donor's Committee, Muskegon Manufacturers
Association Foundry Education Committee

TO: Muskegon Board of Education

SUBJECT: Presentation of Foundry School

The foundry industry, one of America's basic industries, plays an important role in the industrial life of our community. During 1948, 23.3% of all industrial workers were employed in that industry in the Greater Muskegon Area.

Officials of your school system and representatives of our foundry industry have long recognized the need of giving students in our schools an opportunity of obtaining elementary training in foundry practice, to the end that those who will show aptitude and interest in the foundry field might better prepare themselves to enter that field.

An investigation having disclosed that there was available no equipment in the school system to carry on such training. Management of local foundries agreed among themselves to provide necessary funds for the purchase of such equipment, provided your Board would furnish adequate space in the Hachley Manual Training School, make necessary alterations to such space, and install the equipment made available.

A Donor's Committee was appointed by the representatives of foundry industry for the purpose of raising such funds as would be required, purchase or obtain donations of equipment and tools needed; supervise the installation thereof; advise on remodeling of space made available; assist in the finding of a qualified instructor; appoint technical advisory committees of practical foundrymen in all branches of foundry practice to confer with and advise school officials and the instructor as needs might arise for such advice; and, finally, at such time as the foundry school was fully ready for use, present as a gift to the Public Schools of the City of Muskegon all the equipment, tools and material made available by the Donors.



The Hackley Foundry

The work of your Committee is completed. All necessary equipment has been made available, and, with the cooperation of your Board and school officials, suitable and adequate quarters have been provided and made ready, and the equipment installed therein. It is our considered judgement that this Foundry School is now ready for operation. Therefor, by unanimous action of the Donor's Committee, we do now present as a gift to the Public School of the City of Muskegon, all of the equipment, tools and materials (as listed in Exhibit A hereof) which the Donors have made available, and said Donors hereby relinquish all title thereto and pass such title to the Public Schools of the City of Muskegon. To the best knowledge and belief of the Committee, all items listed have been fully paid for by the Donors Committee, and there are no financial incumbrances thereon.

In return for this gift, the Donors expect that the Public Schools of the City of Muskegon will put this Foundry School to such continued use as will best serve the interests of the youth of the Community and of Greater Muskegon industries. Further, the Donors expect that these facilities will be at all times kept in the best possible usable condition, and that the School system will continue to improve the Foundry School as changing conditions might dictate. It is also expected that your honorable Body, your school officials as well as the faculty responsible for the operation of this Foundry School will take advantage of the technical knowledge available to them through the Foundry Advisory Committee appointed by our Committee, a list of these being attached as Exhibit B.

Our Committee is greatly appreciative of the splendid interest shown, and splendid cooperation received from the members of your honorable Board, the Superintendent of Schools, the Business Manager, the Director of Vocational Education, and all other members of the School System in the establishment of this Foundry Division.

Our Committee would like to go on record that it is with a feeling of sincere appreciation we relinquish our stewardship of

this project which has extended over the past 18 months, and we look forward with keen interest to the establishment of the Foundry School in the curriculum of the Muskegon vocational training program. We feel this foundry course will soon become a model for every industrial community in the United States and as such will reflect much credit upon the enterprise and vision of our community. Furthermore, we feel this project has demonstrated in a most comprehensive way the limitless civic contributions which can be made in any community when the men of industry and education pull in double harness toward a common goal.

Our Committee would also like to go on record as maintaining a continuing interest in the Foundry School. We hope that the Board of Education will feel free to call upon us at any time for further counsel and assistance as the need may arise. Our Committee would also like to feel that one of the greatest achievements of our joint efforts with the Board of Education is not merely the acquisition of physical property for the foundry school but rather the institution of a training program for our youth which will supplement text-book instructions with a practical introduction to the challenge and rewards of participation in the American free enterprise system.

Yours very truly,

Donors Committee

George W. Cannon, Chairman

(Signed)

R. G. Mason

J. O. Ostergren

Lyman Thunfors

A. Pyle, Jr.

George Myers

EXHIBIT A.

The following is a list of Equipment, Tools, Material and Services which make up the gift to the Muskegon Public Schools in connection with the Foundry School established at the Hacle Manual Training School:

OFFICE EQUIPMENT:

- 1 Desk
- 3 Office Chairs
- 1 Letter File
- 1 Office Table

LABORATORY EQUIPMENT:

- 1 Balance
- 1 Timer
- 1 Dissector
- 1 Core Hardness Tester
- 1 Mold Hardness Tester
- 1 Laboratory Balance
- 1 Set Balance Weights
- 1 Set Sieves #6-12-20-40-50-70-100-140-200-270 and bottom pan and cover
- 1 Sand Rammer
- 1 Tensile Core box with ramming head and attachments
- 1 Moisture Teller with attachments
- 1 Premmeter with timer box and tools
- 1 C.P. Sand Strength Machine with attachments
- 1 Motor drive attachment for Universal Strength Machine
- 1 Compressor Instrument with attachments
- 1 36 x 24 x 34 Bench
- 2 72 x 30 x 34 Benches
- 2 Bench Drawers
- 1 #Q-400 Bench with lock

FOUNDRY EQUIPMENT:

- 1 30" Adams Squeezer
- 1 Hammond #12 Grinder

- 1 Swartwout #2-DG Gas fired Core Oven
- 1 Sand Blast:
 - 1 Type EN-2 Cleaning Cabinet
 - 1 1/2" dia. Blast Nozzle
 - 1 Type CD-1 Dust Collector
 - 1 11/2 hp Motor
- 1 31/2 Mulbaro with barrows
- 1 Type GMS Electric Furnace with 3 GMS shells assemblies, 3 linings, and 18 1/2 electrodes and nipples
- 17 Aluminum Flasks, assorted sizes
- 21 Aluminum Jackets, assorted sizes
 - 1 25 hp Motor
 - 1 Worthington Air Compressor with all attachments
- 12 Molding Benches and Arms
 - 1 Rotap Sand Sifter
 - 1 Single Core Drawing Machine
 - 1 Piston Ring Molding Machine and Sand Hopper
 - 1 Crane
 - 1 Hoist
 - 1 Scale graduated 1 oz. to 250 lbs.

TOOLS:

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 12 Finishing Trowels | 4 pr. dark Glasses |
| 20 Slick and Oval Spoons | 12 Core Tool Trays |
| 20 Lifters | 13 Foundry Weights |
| 20 #1 Bench Lifters | 1 Vacuum Cleaner |
| 6 Respirators | 12 Rammers |
| 12 pr. Goggles | 10 Bellows |
| 12 pr. Safety Shoes | 15 Water Brushes |
| 6 pr. Leggings | 20 Dust Bags |
| 12 pr. Gloves | 18 Gate Cutters |
| 1 Asbestos Apron | 51 Riddles |
| 2 Leather Aprons | 15 Shovels |
| 9 10/12 doz. Files | |

MISCELLANEOUS TOOLS AND PATTERN EQUIPMENT:

1 lot Patterns and Core Boxes	1 2 x 2 rd. Ball
4 Standard Gates	1 Paper Weight
1 12 rod bar, 10" long	2 had Wheels
1 1" sq. bar, 10" long	

SUPPLIES:

974# Grey Iron Castings	100# 10L Plate Guides
150# SM-40 Furnace Cement	11 Push Brooms
150# #11 Non-Plastic Patch	1 Sprinkling Can
10 gals. Linseed Oil	1 Spray
1 Lot Nickel	12 Coat and Hat Hooks
1 Lot Molding Sand	2 Galv. Pails
1 Lot Steel Scrap	4 Garbage Cans
12 Shop Aprons	
1 Exhibit of Foundry Materials	

REMODELING MATERIALS AND SERVICES FURNISHED

6000 Paving Brick
 3096' Lumber
 24 yds. Metal Lath
 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ cu. yds. Cement
 10 sacks Plaster
 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ sacks Zonolite
 4 sacks Lime
 2 sacks Wood Fiber
 1 gal. Plaster Bond

Miscellaneous bolts, nuts, screws, nails, washers etc.

Approximately 1500 hours construction and other labor.

As close as we can determine, the approximate value of these items is \$16,821.77. This of course, does not include the cost of engineering services, cost of which were donated by Campbell, Wyant & Cannon Company.

It does not include any part of the cost borne by the Muskegon Public Schools.

CHAPTER XV

ACCEPTANCE

Board of Education
Muskegon, Michigan
Gentlemen :

Pursuant to the action of the Donor's Committee, Muskegon Manufacturers' Association, Foundry Education Committee under date of February 15, 1949, the following Resolution is presented :

WHEREAS, this Board of Education has long recognized the importance of Vocational Education in this industrial community, and

WHEREAS, this Board of Education has constantly endeavored to strengthen and further develop the Vocational Education program in the Public Schools of the City of Muskegon, and

WHEREAS, this Board of Education recognizes the necessary place the skills and knowledge acquired in foundry practice bear to the adequate teaching of the industrial cycle, therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, that this Board of Education for the Public Schools of the City of Muskegon, on behalf of the school district, do now accept, as a gift, all of the equipment, tools, and materials (as listed in Exhibit A) which the Donors have made available and, by so doing, acquire all title thereto with the full understanding that all items of equipment, tools, and materials (as listed in Exhibit A) have been fully paid for by the Donor's Committee, and that there are no financial incumbrances thereon.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that this Board of Education, on behalf of the school district, assure the Donor's Committee that these equipment, tools, and materials, and the facilities in general, will at all times

be utilized and maintained in keeping with the reasonable educational needs of the schools and available resources.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the administrative and instructional staff connected with said foundry be encouraged to stimulate continuing student interest and participation in the foundry course and to apply thereto the most efficient methods of instruction and educational practice available. Further, that the cooperation and advice of the Foundry Advisory Committee be utilized with respect to the technical knowledge pertaining to the proper use of the equipment, tools, and materials made available in this facility.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that this Board of Education, on behalf of the school district, extend to the Donor's Committee and all others who have been directly or indirectly connected with the development of this project, the sincere thanks of the community for their interest and efforts on behalf of the school system. The Board of Education is especially grateful to Mr. George W. Cannon, Chairman of that Committee, for his untiring efforts in materially strengthening the educational opportunities afforded the youth of this community.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that a copy of this resolution, together with a copy of the communication from the Donor's Committee under date of February 15, 1949, be included in the minutes of this meeting, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Donor's Committee.

Respectfully submitted,
W. B. Steele
Cyrus M. Poppen
L. L. Booth

E. A. Nichols
J. N. Dykema
Frank A. DeYoe
Board of Education

CHAPTER XVI
AN OUTLINE OF THE REHABILITATION PROJECT
FOR THE HACKLEY MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

INTRODUCTION

I do not feel it is necessary to go into much detail concerning the comprehensive scope and the pioneering aspects of this project since you were present at the preview meeting at the Hackley School. I am sure something of the enthusiasm and sincerity of Mr. George W. Cannon and his committee was transmitted to all those present.

However, I do want to comment on the fact that I am personally convinced that this group of foundry leaders in Muskegon has caught a view of the tremendous need for foundry training among the youth of America. This group is, therefore, desirous that this blueprint it is providing in the Muskegon experiment will serve as an inspiration to every other industrial center in the United States to go and do likewise.

I have been very much impressed with the high standards of quality in workmanship, materials and equipment which have gone into this installation. No effort has been spared to see that the best of everything is provided for these "future foundrymen" at the high school level of their training program. I am sure that the evidence contained in the following outline will bear me out in the statement that there has been no compromise in implementing this vision of the best possible foundry school that could be established within the physical limitations of the school plant and the funds available.

I. THE NEED FOR A NEW FOUNDRY SECTION

The Hackley Manual Training School is one of the Muskegon institutions which was erected through the gifts of Mr. Charles H. Hackley to the city of Muskegon. Mr. Hackley's total public benefactions included two schools, a park, an art gallery and a library, representing a total gift of approximately \$6,000,000.00 from the period of 1888-1911. The Hackley Manual Training

School at the present time accommodates 2500 students daily in the fields of industrial arts and homemaking, as well as academic training. The crafts included in the curriculum are pattern making, drafting, foundry work, machine shop, printing, sheet metal work, electric work, welding automotive construction and repair, domestic science and band music.

Until the rehabilitation program was instituted the foundry pre-employment educational course at the school had not been offered for the preceding 18 years. The school equipment, which had been gathering dust and cobwebs for nearly two decades, included a small cupola, a pair of molding benches, a small tumbling barrel and a grinder. This was no doubt adequate for the program of 50 years ago, but at the time the rehabilitation program was instituted was of course completely inadequate to meet the needs for foundry training in the Muskegon school system.

II. INCEPTION OF THE REHABILITATION PROGRAM

The rehabilitation of the foundry section of the school grew out of a survey which revealed that an actual 22% of the gainfully employed persons in the city of Muskegon were on the payroll of foundries or allied enterprises; yet there was no training whatsoever for this major field of employment.

In September of 1946 vocational officials of the school system first urged the renewal of this training program. Representatives of the Board of Education responded by contacting Robert Mason, executive secretary, of the Muskegon Manufacturers' Association, and requested him to form a committee among the foundry industrial group within this association's membership together with other local associated foundries in nearby communities to determine what might be done about instituting a foundry section in the school. This group was organized and immediately appointed a subcommittee from the member companies' engineering departments to prepare a plan and estimate the cost for a rehabilitation project.

Plans for the up-to-date layout, which are revealed in the photographs sent you under separate cover, were prepared in

line with the advancements made in the foundry field during the past 50 years. In addition to recommending that the most modern equipment be secured, it was also recommended that safety of the foundry trainees must be stressed at all points. For example: a brick surface was laid over the old concrete floor; a modern washroom, including showers and lockers, was added; safety equipment, including goggles, leggings, safety shoes, gloves and asbestos aprons for furnace work were recommended. The mechanical equipment (which will be itemized in more detail later) included electric furnace melting so that casting demonstrations could be held daily, hand and pneumatic operated molding machines, shot blast cleaning by compressed air, grinding, modern molding benches with complete tool equipment for each student and mechanical sand mixing. A complete sand laboratory and core testing instruments and equipment were also recommended.

The subcommittee submitted with their plans to the industrial committee an itemized, estimate calling for the expenditure of approximately \$20,000 to purchase and install the necessary equipment.

III. DONORS GROUP ORGANIZED

Following the acceptance of the engineering subcommittee's plan and cost estimate, a separate Donors Group was organized, independent of the Manufacturers' Association, which consisted of executives of local foundries and such related industries as pattern shops, equipment manufacturers, foundry supply dealers, scrap dealers, building and steel fabricating organizations and trucking firms, all of whom contributed, and the fund was raised. School executives were appointed to the committee in order to speed up the exchange of information between school and industry. The personnel of the Donors Committee representing over 50 contributors is as follows:

Mr. G. W. Cannon
Chairman of the Board
Campbell, Wyant and Cannon Foundry Company

Mr. R. J. Mason, Secy.-Treas.
Muskegon Manufacturers Association
872 N. Second Street

Mr. J. O. Ostergren, President
Lakey Foundry & Machine Company

Mr. A. Pyle, Jr.
Secy.-Treasurer
Pyle Pattern & Mfg. Company

Mr. O. F. Seyferth
Vice President
West Michigan Steel Foundry Company

Mr. Paul M. Wiener, President
Paul M. Wiener Foundry Co.

Mr. Richard B. Warren
Asst. Superintendent of Schools
Hackley School Building
Third Street and Webster Avenue

Mr. Edward Huttenga
Director of Vocational Training
Hackley Manual Training School

IV. COOPERATION OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

The comprehensive outline of the school rehabilitation project, specifying the contributions of the Donors Group, was then presented to the Muskegon Board of Education by the Donors group, and the project was approved by the Board. The latter group agreed to prepare the building and install the necessary equipment as specified by the Donors Group.

V. SECURING AN INSTRUCTOR

One of the most important tasks undertaken by the Donors Committee was the aid given the school authorities in securing a competent instructor, who would combine apprentice and

journeyman foundry experience with training in the vocational teaching field.

Arrangements were finally completed to engage Adrian J. Archambault as manager-instructor of the foundry section. Archambault qualified for the job in view of his four years apprenticeship, eight years experience as a journeyman foundryman and seven years as a circuit foundry instructor in Wisconsin working under the State Board of Vocational and Adult Education. He has now been approved by the State of Michigan Office of Vocational Education.

VI. THE FOUNDRY SCHOOL EQUIPMENT

A floor plan is enclosed showing the location of the various installations within the foundry school area. We will appreciate it very much if you will return this plan to us as soon as you have photographed it for your own purpose. The following equipment is included in the installation.

Note: If you desire complete specifications of the following equipment, they can be provided, but because of the considerable descriptive matter involved, I felt this might be superfluous for your purposes.

1. BRICK FLOOR—Mill pavers.
2. DETROIT ROCKING ELECTRIC FURNACE—Type GMS 60 lb. core charge capacity, 100 lb. molten capacity. Extra shell for non-ferrous metals.
3. AIR COMPRESSOR—Ingersoll Rand Model 25M, type 40 motor compressor. 142 CFM pressure—100 lb. sq. in.
4. SHOT BLAST AND DUST COLLECTOR—Pangborn type "EN-2" suction feed blast cleaning cabinet with blast compartment 4' 10" long x 2' 10" high.
No. 1 type, "CD-1" steel cased cloth screen dust collector inside location, suction operating, having 180 sq. ft. active cloth area to handle 700 CFM. No. 22 type "KB-7" dust exhauster to handle 700 CFM.
5. MOLDING MACHINE—1 Adams 30" portable hand squeezer.

6. LADLES

7. CORE OVEN—Model 2 DG Swartout shelf-type, double-door, gas-fired. Flame protective device.

8 GRINDER—Floor model “MD-12”, No Dust Hammond double spindle grinder with dust collector. 12" x 2" wheels.

9. MULBARO—Model No. 3½, capacity—3½ cubic feet of sand per batch, including disc type barrow wheels with pneumatic tires, mulling unit and one all-steel barrow.

10. SAND LABORATORY EQUIPMENT

- 1) Eberbach Type Balance
- 2) Ro-Tap Sieve Shaker with Timer
- 3) Set Sieves Nos. 6, 12, 20, 30, 40, 50, 70, 100, 140, 200, and 270.
- 4) Sand Rammer.
- 5) Tensile Core Strength Accessory.
- 6) Sand Speciman Dryer
- 7) Moisture Teller
- 8) Permmeter
- 9) Universal Motor Driven Sand Strength Testing Machine.

11. STUDENTS SAFETY EQUIPMENT

Respirators	Safety Gloves
Goggles	Asbestos Apron
Asbestos Leggings	Leather Apron
Safety Shoes	Dark Glasses for melters

12. SMALL TOOLS AND MOLDING BENCH EQUIPMENT

Finishing Trowels	Dust Bags
Bench Lifters	Brass Tubular Gate Cutters
Slick and Oval Spoons	Molders Shovels
Lifters	Riddles
Bench Hand Hammers	Buck Bellows
Bulb Sponges	

13. MOLDING BENCHES, CORE BENCHES, SHELLS, ETC.

Each molding unit was constructed from identical materials as needed to erect the model unit shown in photostat of the mock-up attached. Your particular interest is drawn to the apron under the bench to prevent sand from piling up under the bench where it would be difficult for the operators to remove it at the end of each class session.

14. FLASKS—Hines "Pop-Off" type flasks and jackets in the following sizes:

10" x 12" x 4" Cope and Drag
 12" x 12" x 4" Cope and Drag
 10" x 16" x 4" Cope and Drag
 12" x 16" x 4" Cope and Drag
 12" x 16" x 4" Cope and Drag
 14" x 14" x 4" Cope and Drag
 12" x 12" x 3" part x 4"

VII. ADVISORY COMMITTEE

In order to continue the cooperative supervision of the school by experienced foundry personnel, after the Donors Committee had completed its installation work the West Michigan Chapter of the American Foundrymen's Society was asked to provide special advisory subcommittees. These subcommittees consist of two or three members each whose duties shall be to render assistance or advice to the foundry school manager-instructor as he may request from time to time. Each two-men subcommittee shall have one member elected for two years and one for one year so that the tenure of office of an experienced member shall be continuous. A subcommittee was appointed to serve in

each of the following classifications of foundry operation:

1. Foundry—general
2. Sand and sand mixing
3. Sand Laboratory
4. Core making
5. Molding
6. Patterns
7. Melting and pouring
8. Cleaning, grinding and shot blasting
9. Inspection
10. Equipment—electrical
11. Equipment—mechanical
12. Purchasing
13. Laboratory—chemical
14. Time standards

VIII. ORGANIZATIONAL CHART

We are enclosing herewith an organizational chart which shows the flow of responsibility from the Board of Education down through the various foundrymen's groups, which is designed to insure continuation of the interest and cooperation of industry in this educational project. This is one of the most significant aspects of this program and is especially significant in view of the fact that one of the reasons the foundry school was inactive for eighteen years was the fact that industry did not properly support the school system's efforts as far as foundry training was concerned, and the foundrymen of Muskegon are determined this shall not reoccur in the future.

IX. EDUCATIONAL ASPECTS OF THE PROJECT

You have a copy of a schedule of courses offered by Hackley Manual Training School giving in some detail the curriculum for foundry. In addition to the above, I am enclosing herewith a list of the specified subjects to be covered in the current foundry course. While this is, of course, in far greater detail than you will need, you may want to gather general headings from

this list to show your readers the comprehensive scope of the foundry training project.

Mr. Edward Huttenga, vocational director of the Hackley Manual Training School, gave me a brief summary of the methods in which a typical student would be exposed to foundry subjects from junior high through high school level. In seventh, eighth, and ninth grades the student takes eight units of exploratory work in various shop practices which include foundry. These units vary in length according to the nature of the subject being covered. The foundry training in this unit is very elementary and more or less of a laboratory type of experimental work to acquaint the student with the basic principles of casting. This is of course conducted in a separate classroom from the regular foundry school section. By the time the student has reached the tenth grade he can begin to consider the trade he likes best based on his "exposure" to the various trades offered by the school while he is still in the junior high level. This experience should have already uncovered certain interests and aptitudes in a very practical way. In the tenth grade the boy takes two semesters of related courses called an industrial cycle, which includes training in the following:

1. Mechanical drawing
2. Pattern making
3. Foundry
4. Machining and finishing

In the third section of the above cycle his foundry training is limited to one hour a day and consists of study in the basic fundamentals of foundry preparatory to his entering the actual foundry course in the eleventh grade. In the eleventh grade, if the boy maintained his interest and aptitude in foundry during his work in the industrial cycle, he can now enter the actual foundry practice class, taking a half hour per day instruction in all the foundry operations from sand preparation through pouring molds, etc., as well as thorough training in laboratory technique for testing sand, etc.

It need not be pointed out that his thorough preparation at this level will aid him in the twelfth grade where he may take another advanced course of three hours a day in foundry practice. His thorough understanding of the basic physics and chemistry involved in his job should make him a much better workman in the foundry industry than the average untrained apprentice who may learn a molding operation, for example, without any basic understanding of the reasons for ramming the sand to a certain hardness, etc.

It is important to know that every boy will also receive training in academic subjects designed to make him a more intelligently-informed and better-balanced citizen in his community than would be possible through training in his trade alone.

Thus the Muskegon plan goes much further than the usual trade school training and is probably the only school of its kind in the country offering a balanced curriculum of academic and vocational training encompassing such a highly developed course of study and modern mechanized equipment in the foundry division.

In addition to formal class training it is planned to present films to the students and plant visitations. Also, the committee hopes to arrange a schedule of speakers to address the class on the various subjects of foundry practice in more specific detail than covered in class lectures. It is also recommended that students taking the course in foundry should elect chemistry as a part of their academic training.

The following daily schedule shows the class breakdown in the foundry section of the school:

8:25 to 9:20 A.M.—Basic foundry course

9:25 to 10:35 A.M.—Instructor holds conference with students needing special counsel and prepares his instructional materials, makes laboratory preparation, etc.

10:40 to 11:35 A.M.—Second basic foundry course (for a second group of students at the tenth grade level.)

11:35 to 12:40 P.M.—Lunch period.

12:40 to 6:00 P.M.—Day trade foundry class

4:00 to 6:00 P.M.—This is tentatively available for instructor to consult with local industry in keeping with his contract with the Donors Committee or for extended training for adults or apprentices once or twice a week in the event that such a program will be set up in the future.

X. TIME STUDY

A special Motion-Time analysis is in the process of preparation so that the student may be able to familiarize himself with the value of Motion-Time economy and will be able to compare his own efforts with the standard already established in the industry with each phase of foundry operation. Inasmuch as the class has started their actual foundry practice in the middle of January it will be sometime yet before this program can be set up on a practical basis. The committee and the school authorities hope to make this an integral part of their training program as soon as the boys are completely familiar with their tools and equipment and can then begin striving for speed and efficiency in motion.

XI. COST AND ESTIMATING SYSTEM

In order to indoctrinate the students in the basic principles of industrial America's incentive system, a special emphasis will be placed on evaluation of the various costs that go into producing the foundry products. While this system is really in its planning stages at this point, during the school year a typical cost set-up will be determined covering direct labor, departmental overheads, fixed costs, melted metal cost, defective

castings and of course covering the final selling price. The boys will be trained to consider all the variables in arriving at their own estimates of labor and materials cost. The school foundry will be considered for class work as an actual manufacturing foundry with a fixed capitalization which would be exactly comparable to its industrial equivalent. Each boy will then attempt to produce the unit involved in their class operation within the framework of their cost estimate so that they can meet a fixed selling price and make a profit for their fictitious company.

The committee feels that this is the only practical way in which the students can learn the true values inherent in the American system of business enterprise. In this way, each boy will feel he is a business man as well as an employee of a foundry. It is hoped that this will carry over into his later employment period and will give him a new understanding of his individual operations in relation to the problems of management. He will in this way have graphic evidence before him at all times of the many manufacturing costs (besides his own labor and the raw materials he uses in producing his product) which must be accounted for within the fixed selling price for that product. He must understand that the tools, equipment, plant, sales department and all their overhead factors must be paid for out of this selling price with a margin left for profit and reinvestment reserves if the "company" is to continue to operate and if he is to have job security or a business of his own in the future.

From the educational viewpoint this training should form a very important part of the students academic study in the field of civics, social sciences, and relative business subjects which he would get in his regular academic phase of his education. This emphasis should produce a well-rounded citizen of an industrial community who thoroughly appreciates the importance of his fellow workers and of management's contribution to the enterprise from which he draws his own livelihood.

As this cost estimating system is gradually woven into the foundry practice course it is hoped that various case histories can be gathered from the students assignment sheets which will make very interesting material for future articles in the trade

press. Incidentally, the basis for this section of the training program has been developed from facts and figures prepared by one of America's largest consultant management engineering firms.

XII. COMMENTS ON THE PROJECT BY EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL LEADERS

On January 5 you attended a meeting at Muskegon. As part of a group of publishers, educators and industrialists who were given a tour of inspection of the foundry school by Mr. Cannon. I thought you may want to include in your article some of the comments which were received from this group in letters addressed to Mr. Cannon. We have not yet had an opportunity to get permission from the persons whom I will quote allowing us to reprint their remarks but the thought occurs to me that you may want to use some of this material and perhaps you could secure permission directly from the writers whom you know personally.

The comments are as follows:

ROBER M. WINGER, Supervisor Trade and Industrial Education Division,
Michigan State Board of Control for Vocational Education
Bauch Bldg., 115 W. Alegen St., Lansing 4, Michigan

"I believe you and other members of the donating committee are to be congratulated for the excellent facilities you have provided the school and I hope that other committees in Michigan as well as in other states will benefit by the pioneering you have done in Muskegon."

PETER E. RENTSCHLER, President, The Hamilton Foundry and Machine Co.
Hamilton, Ohio

"You people in Muskegon are certainly doing a lot of pioneering work at a proper educational level . . . and I can tell you that you have a cooperative and joint effort that is bound, over a period, to produce fine results."

WALTER S. CREWSON, Superintendent, Hamilton City
School District,
Hamilton, Ohio

"I feel very sure that you have in the first place started a movement that will not only spread but will be of long range benefit to the foundry industry and the public schools and in the second place you have opened a road over which the movement toward better understanding between school people and manufacturers, which I feel is so fearfully important at this moment in our country's history, can proceed."

GEORGE K. DREHER, Executive Director,
Foundry Educational Foundation,
1009 Public Square Bldg., Cleveland 13, Ohio

"I believe that I am voicing the sentiments of all who were there when I say that you have developed a layout that can and will be a real model for the entire country."

L. E. ROARK, Executive Vice President, National Founders
Association,
120 S. LaSalle, Chicago 3, Illinois

"There is every reason to believe that the pattern which you have established in connection with your school system will be followed by many other industrial centers, and, when this material is available, we want to participate in spreading the story of the success of this operation so that young men may learn of the opportunities offered in our great industry."

C. C. SIGERFOOS, Associate Professor,
Michigan English Department,
Michigan State College,
East Lansing, Michigan.

"You and your committee are setting an excellent example for the other foundry centers and also for the other A.F.S. chapters."

NOTE: These are all the letters which were forwarded to me but if you would like to secure further quotes from other members of the preview group I am sure they would be glad to oblige and I believe you have a copy of the guest list which was handed out at the meeting.

XIII. TRANSFER OF FACILITIES TO MUSKEGON BOARD OF EDUCATION

On February 15, 1949, the Donors Committee will turn over the foundry section equipment and materials to the City of Muskegon Board of Education at an official meeting of the latter group.

After this official transfer of facilities, the West Michigan Chapter of A.F.S. will continue to hold itself in readiness for counsel and advise through its sub committees whenever the school officials request such cooperation.

Mr. George W. Cannon, Chairman of the Donors Group has described the over-all objective of the committee's rehabilitation project as follows: "to encourage the mechanically minded youth of Muskegon to learn to do some one thing well so that they might best serve their fellow men."

Donald L. Campbell

Behel and Waldie and Briggs, Inc.

Chicago, Ill.

